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## THE REFORM BILL IN COMMITTEE.

IT is a somewhat wearisome task to follow the discussion in the House of Lords upon the Reform Bill. If Lord Derby had not unfortunately been prevented by illness from conducting the measure through Committee, he might not have been able to throw much new light upon an exhausted subject, but he would nevertheless have treated it with some freshness and vigour. We should not have had Mr. Disraeli's speeches served up to us in undigested fragments by the noble earl and the three dukes who for two nights held the leadership of the House in Commission; nor should we have been condemned to wade through columns of incoherent and scarcely grammatical platitudes, of threadbare arguments, and of feeble commonplaces, in order to ascertain what we are in courtesy bound to call the views of the Government. The absence of their chief has given the middle-aged members of the Cabinet that chance which, according to Lord Granville, they have hitherto been denied, and the result has undoubtedly amply justified the reluctance of the Premier to afford them an opportunity of shining in debate. It is not only the interest of the discussion, or the reputation of the Government, that has suffered by the gout which has laid up the head of the Administration. If Lord Derby had been present we can hardly believe that his influence would have proved insufficient to avert some of those modifications which have been introduced into the Bill, and which are likely to bring about a conflict between the two Houses. At any rate we should have had from him something like an intelligible statement of the extent to which the Government consider themselves bound to support in one branch of the Legislature provisions to which they have assented in the other; and the measure would not have been allowed to drift along, an apparently helpless victim of the Conservative currents which set in so strongly in the House of Peers. As it is, nothing can be less consistent or more equivocal than the course which her Majesty's Ministers have pursued. In opposing the vague and purposeless resolution which Lord Halifax endeavoured to interpose on going into Committee, they were understood to take their stand on the Bill as a whole; to insist that the compact or compromise which had been made in the Commons should not be disturbed; and to pledge themselves to the maintenance of the measure in its integrity. No sooner, however, was this difficulty surmounted than they showed the utmost alacrity in accepting from Lord Cairns an amendment raising the lodger franchise from £10 to £15, and another from Lord Harrowby increasing the copy-hold qualification for a county vote from £5 to £10; and although they subsequently resisted the provision for limiting every elector in a three-cornered constituency to two votes, it is difficult (looking at the division list) to believe that their influence was very strenuously exerted in opposition to a proposition which Mr. Disraeli had in the Lower House resisted in the most energetic manner. It is true that Lord Malmesbury attempted to draw a distinction between the franchise and the redistribution portions of the Bill; and to represent the one as fairly open to amendment, while insisting upon the adoption of the other *en bloc*. But we cannot understand why the section of the Bill which received the most careful and laborious consideration from the House of Commons, should be abandoned to criticism and amendment; while that which had been passed in the most hasty and even reckless

manner, should be held sacred. There is at least considerable plausibility in the suggestion that although the Government was only averse to alterations which might extend, it was at heart not unfavourable to those which might restrict, the scope of the measure. The imputation involved in such a supposition may not be flattering to their sincerity, or to their political honesty; but after all that has taken place during the last two years, they cannot expect that it should on that account be summarily rejected.

The discussion on the resolution of Lord Halifax was even more unsatisfactory than might have been expected. One would have supposed that the noble lord would at least have shadowed out in his speech an outline of the scheme of redistribution which he proposed to substitute for that of the Government. He abstained, however, from doing anything of the kind on the ground that if he started a rival plan he might be suspected of desiring to serve a party end. For our own part we must say that he laid himself much more open to such a suggestion by the introduction of one of those vague resolutions which are generally regarded as nets widely cast to catch votes from all quarters, than he would have done by making a definite proposal which might have served as the basis of a practical discussion. At any rate, the objections to his amendments were so obvious that it obtained very limited support, and even those who voted for it were unable to defend it by any serious argument. It was, in fact, simply one of those inscrutable movements of which veteran "tacticians" are so fond, but which serve little or no object except to display their own ingenuity, and to offer some temporary obstruction to the course of business. Lord Cairns does not at any rate waste his strength upon such futile strategy. In proposing to increase the qualification for the lodger franchise from £10 to £15 per annum, he struck directly at one of the vital points in the Bill, and aimed avowedly at a definite and important modification of its provisions. No one can deny the importance of the alteration he has effected. He has simply contrived, so far as the working classes go, to convert the bread of the Bill into a stone. The lodger franchise, as it is settled by the House of Lords, will be for all practical purposes a middle-class franchise; admitting clerks, shopmen, and small traders, but excluding all except a very small section of highly-paid mechanics. It will give the suffrage to those who care little or nothing for it; it will refuse the suffrage to those who have asked for it most earnestly and pertinaciously. However little discussion there may have been in the House of Commons as to the precise figure of the qualification, there can be no doubt that that assembly accepted the lodger franchise mainly in order to give to the working classes of London and other large towns, the same boon which household suffrage will confer upon the working classes of small towns. This object will, however, be entirely defeated by disfranchising all who do not pay 6s. a week rent for their rooms; and it therefore seems to us impossible to deny that, by the alteration which has been made, this franchise has been changed not only in degree but in principle. As it left the House of Commons it was a vertical extension of the suffrage; as it now stands it is a mere lateral extension. Considering the period of the session at which we have now arrived, and the difficulty of inducing members unconnected with the Government—or, at all events, not under the lash of the Government "whip"—to stay in town or to return to town, it

is impossible to say what may be the fate of this amendment when the Bill returns to the House of Commons. But if it is adopted by that assembly, it will undoubtedly not be accepted by the country. A working-class lodger franchise is, as Lord Carnarvon well said, inevitable and irrevocable; and the only consequence of raising the line above £10 will be an agitation most probably resulting in depressing it considerably below that level. It seems, however, to be the mission of the Tories to accelerate the rate of our approach to manhood suffrage; and it is useless to remonstrate with those who are subject, politically speaking, to a sort of judicial blindness.

The alteration of the county copyhold franchise is utterly unsound in principle, but it is not a matter of any considerable moment, except in so far as it indicates the spirit of those from whom it proceeded. But the same thing cannot be said of the restriction to two votes of electors in three-cornered constituencies. Although it will only at present affect eleven constituencies, its supporters do not conceal their hope and expectation that it will hereafter receive a more extended application. And whether it do or do not, there can be no doubt that the principle involved in it is one of great importance. Although it was supported by many leading Liberal Peers, and although from a party point of view its effects in one place will probably be balanced by its effects in another, we cannot help thinking that it will be found a mischievous innovation on the directness and simplicity of our present mode of election. It is supposed that it will give us, as the representatives of the minorities, a superior class of members, but we confess that we see no reason to expect that this will be the case. If this arrangement be maintained, the three members for large boroughs and counties will in general be chosen by some kind of arrangement amongst the leaders of the different parties, who will most likely select exactly the same sort of men—large merchants or manufacturers in towns, influential country gentlemen in counties—as would be sent by electors if a contest took place. Although it is assumed that gentlemen who have made politics their study, and are “going in” for official life, are by this means to be provided with seats, we do not ourselves see how this end will be attained—even supposing that it is desirable that we should take thought about it. On the other hand it is certain that the effect of the change will be to diminish election contests, and that we hold to be a great misfortune. They are attended, we grant, with unpleasantness and inconvenience, but they clear the political atmosphere and keep up the political life of the country. As Mr. Cobden once said, the right way for a political minority to get represented is by converting itself into a majority, through the force of argument and conviction. Whether it is successful or not, the effort involved in such an attempt is beneficial both to those who make it and to those against whom it is made. But there will be very little temptation to make it if the minority is always sure of its share of the representation. The result must be to promote in our largest constituencies a state of decorous stagnation, which may be very pleasant to those whose fastidious tastes are shocked by the roughness and the asperity of an election contest, but which we do not believe will be equally calculated to promote the healthy and energetic action of public opinion. While we do not agree with Lord Malmesbury’s objection to this proposition, simply because it is “new-fangled,” we must say that in coupling it with the grant of three members to the large towns, there is an awkward appearance of taking away with one hand what is given with the other. Although the number of members sent by each borough will be increased, their weight in the councils of the nation will be diminished; because, as the representation will in nearly all cases be divided, the town will virtually count only one instead of two on a division. That is not a result with which their inhabitants are likely to remain satisfied; and although we shall certainly not be surprised if the House of Commons assents to the amendment, we do not believe in the permanency of an arrangement which is inconsistent with our previous political habits, and is at variance with our political instincts.

The debate on the redistribution of seats was not wholly unworthy of the importance of the subject; but the return of Lord Derby to the House inclined the scale—which, in Lord Malmesbury’s hands, would probably have trembled—decidedly in favour of the Government. At the same time, we cannot say that Earl Grey’s scheme of redistribution was adequate to the occasion. So far as the proposition went, to extend the limits of partial disfranchisement to towns with a population of not more than 12,000 inhabitants, it was, indeed, a decided improvement on the plan of the Government; but it was open to various objections, inasmuch as it dealt with the small boroughs,

which it proposed to deprive of separate representation, by the awkward and cumbrous method of grouping, rather than by the simple and direct process of disfranchisement. Nor after what we have already said can we be expected to regard with much favour the object with which it was avowedly propounded. Still, although it was intended to furnish the means of extending the representation of minorities, this was not an essential portion of it; and upon the whole we cannot doubt that the distribution of twenty-three additional seats, to be taken from small towns, amongst the large boroughs and counties would have materially improved the imperfect and restricted plan of the Government, and would have given to it in some degree that element of permanence in which it is at present totally deficient. It was, however, presented to the House in a very crude form, and the argument that at the present period of the session it was difficult, if not impossible, to undertake the recast of so essential a portion of the Bill had unquestionable weight in a practical, if not a strictly logical point of view. Enforced as it was by the threat of the Earl of Derby, that he would at once move to report progress if the Peers ventured to assert their independence, we cannot wonder that it had the effect of saving the measure from the amendments which a large majority of the House of Lords were evidently desirous of introducing into it. But although the Government succeeded in their immediate object, their victory must be considered a very doubtful gain to the Conservative cause. They have preserved the integrity of their measure; but they have rendered further legislation inevitable, and renewed agitation possible.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.

AT the commencement of the session two great subjects imperatively demanded the attention of Parliament. There were the people of England to be satisfied by a reform in their Representation; there were the people of Ireland to be reconciled to our rule, by measures which should not only improve their material condition, but should remove the sense of wrong and injustice under which they labour. Well, England has got her Reform Bill; but when we ask what has been done for Ireland we are compelled to answer—Nothing! It is true that the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act has been continued; that the Court of Chancery, the Court of Admiralty, and some of the law offices have been reformed; that something has been done with respect to lunatic asylums; and that Galway and Limerick have been enabled to compound on easy terms certain debts charged upon their harbours. But it cannot be alleged even by the most partial friends of her Majesty’s Ministers that any one of these measures, or the whole of them taken together, can have the slightest appreciable effect in removing the causes which either drive Irishmen abroad or make them rebels at home. It is creditable neither to the Government nor to Parliament itself that a year should have been allowed to pass away without any serious attempt being made to eradicate the roots of Fenianism and to lay the foundation of a true and hearty union between England and Ireland. Of course it will be urged in defence of the House of Commons, that it is the habit of Englishmen to do one thing at a time; that we have been this year engaged in reforming the Representation; and that it is too much that we should be expected to deal at the same time with another question of at least equal magnitude. But we cannot admit such excuses. The time and attention that have been frittered away on useless, or at least trivial discussions, would have more than sufficed to pass one or two Bills, which might not indeed have done all that requires to be done, but which would, at any rate, have been valuable, as affording to the Irish a substantial proof of our good intentions. If the House of Commons were really in earnest in this matter; if it had any adequate conception of the magnitude of the exigency; if it felt, as it ought to do, the disgrace and discredit which is brought upon the empire by the continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in one of the three united kingdoms—it would have found or have made time for some legislation on the subject. The truth is that the present House is not in earnest in this matter; or, to speak more correctly, it shrinks from the adoption of the only measures which are likely to have any considerable effect. It is not unwilling to do anything that can be done for Ireland, consistently with the opinions and prejudices of Englishmen of the landlord class; but it will not accept and act upon the single principle that can be fertile in any important results—that laid down by Mr. Gladstone when he declared that in matters which, as regards Ireland, are domestic and internal,

the feelings and wishes of the Irish people should be considered beyond all things. The consequence has been an amount of feebleness, irresolution, and procrastination on the part of Parliament which it is idle to attempt to explain away by laying the blame on the broad back of the compound householder.

It is certainly not open to the Government to urge as an excuse for their own shortcomings the reluctance of the House to deal with more than one question at the same time. If, indeed, they had laid before Parliament one or more measures of a really liberal kind; if they had sketched out a comprehensive policy, and made a modest beginning towards carrying it out; if they had even exhibited any desire or made any serious attempt to push forward the Bills they have introduced into the House—then, in the event of failure, they might have transferred the responsibility to Parliament. But they have done none of these things. Parliament has not prevented them from carrying out an enlarged and vigorous policy; but, on the other hand, they have done much to confirm and encourage the reluctance of Parliament to think seriously or to act energetically on this subject. The only measures of any importance in relation to Ireland that they have introduced were the two land Bills, which have just been withdrawn. But although, in replying the other night to Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Disraeli dilated on the eminent merits of these measures, every one else knows that no Bills were ever more ingeniously contrived to render failure certain. They excited opposition without conciliating support. They alarmed the landlord class by interfering with the sacred rights of property; while they did not satisfy the tenant class by giving them either certainty of tenure or compensation for improvements. We say that they did not give compensation for improvements because, although they professed to do so, their provisions under this head were of an entirely illusory character. It is a mere farce to offer the peasant farmers of Ireland a system which requires them in order to obtain compensation for improvements made without their landlord's consent to give notice to a board or a commissioner before they are effected, and to obtain from that body or functionary a certificate that they are good and valuable. Mr. Chichester Fortescue's Bill of last year was indeed a useful and valuable measure, because it allowed a tenant to make what improvements he liked during his term, and gave him when he quitted his farm a compensation equal to the increased value he had conferred upon it. Compensation in that form was readily and gratefully accepted both by the Irish people and their representatives in Parliament; but compensation in the form offered by Lord Naas was felt to be a delusion if not a snare. It was for that very sufficient reason and not from any change of opinion with respect to the principle of compensation for improvements that the Irish Liberal members exhibited that coolness towards the Government measure with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had the bad taste and the injustice to taunt them the other night. In our opinion they carried conciliation and forbearance towards the Government to the very uttermost when they consented to the second reading of Lord Naas's Bill, with a view to its subsequent improvement in committee. The truth is that this Bill was merely brought in to enable the Government to say that they had attempted to deal with the land question. It was introduced far too late in the session to give it much chance of being proceeded with; and any little chance that it ever had was extinguished by the failure of the Government to press it forward with any degree, we might almost say with any pretence, of earnestness. And yet this Bill is really the sole reliance of her Majesty's Ministers when they are called upon to defend themselves against the charge of allowing a whole session to pass away without even endeavouring to remove or even to diminish the causes of Irish discontent. They are good enough to admit that the state of education and especially of university education is unsatisfactory. They even hold out some shadow of hope that they will some day do something to amend it; but they have neither done anything up to the present time, nor have they condescended to inform us of the principles on which they intend to act if they act at all. All that is certain is, that they have hitherto strenuously opposed every suggestion on the subject that has emanated from Liberal or Catholic members—a circumstance which may not be conclusive, but one which is certainly of no very good augury for the future. With reference to the Church question, they have contented themselves with opposing the motions of Sir J. Grey in the House of Commons and of Earl Russell in the House of Lords; and the Ministers who spoke in either House during the discussions which then took place, strenuously defended the existence of the Protestant establishment, and threw out no hint of making the slightest

concession to the wishes or to the just demands of the Irish people.

So much for the past. But that is not all, nor is it even the worst. We gather from the elaborate address which Mr. Disraeli delivered the other night, that the Government intend—*i. e.*, of course, in the absence of pressure or agitation—to go on as they have begun. In the opinion of the right hon. gentleman, Lord Naas's Land Bill is a measure of unexampled liberality—one which ought to have been received with the most profound gratitude by the Irish people. Although he deplored the extent to which emigration has proceeded, and is still proceeding, he refused to recognise any connection between this fatal drain in the population and the insecurity of the tenure by which the cultivators of the soil hold their land. He would be very glad that Irishmen should stay at home, and in an impassioned peroration he offered up the most ardent vows for the future prosperity and happiness of the country. But he gave no promise on the part of the Government to deal with either the land question, or any other affecting the material interest of Ireland, in any other spirit, or from any other point of view, than that in which they have hitherto been regarded by the Conservative party. As to the Church, the speech of the right hon. gentleman was even still more unsatisfactory—if, indeed, we ought not to use a much stronger word. There was a time when he talked of an “alien Church” as one of the great grievances of the country. But now he disposes of the subject with something very like a sneer. It is a decided indication of his total inability to comprehend the strength and depth of the feelings to which this odious institution gave rise, that he should have actually excused himself from not taking part in the discussion on Sir John Gray's motion by the remark that “debates on the Irish Church, consisting entirely of announcements that the institution is a badge of conquest, and ought therefore to be wholly subverted, appear to me only encouraging a vein of expression and of feeling which cannot in any way conduce to the benefit of the country.” What, indeed, can be expected from a statesman who thinks it desirable to maintain the Establishment in order that its clergy may supply the place of resident gentry; or who justifies his own apparent change of opinion on this subject on the ground that the diminished population of the country has totally changed the aspect of affairs? It is surely clear enough that the presence of these “resident gentry” in the enjoyment of the endowments which every Catholic regards as the property of his own Church is only an additional source of irritation; while it would, we should imagine, overtask even Mr. Disraeli's ingenuity to explain how a Church which was “alien” and offensive when the population of the country was eight millions can be otherwise now that the population is only five millions. It is not, however, now our purpose to discuss any of these questions. There have been, and there will again be, other opportunities for that. What we desire to do now is to call attention to the attitude of the Government with reference to Ireland. It is clear that they have learnt nothing from the past, that they have abandoned none of their old prejudices or opinions, that they are still as firmly bent as ever on maintaining the ascendancy of landlords and the ascendancy of the Church, and that they are as yet as far as ever from appreciating the necessity of legislating for Ireland on Irish principles. For our own part, we are not surprised at this, for it is nothing more than might have been expected from the history of the party they represent. But we should like to know how those professedly Liberal Irish members who assisted so materially in displacing the late Government will justify themselves to their constituents for the course they pursued last session. For reasons which have never been explained, and on which we prefer not to speculate, they aided in overthrowing the statesman who, beyond any other English Minister, has shown himself desirous to pursue towards their country a generous and sympathetic policy. Breaking away from the great body of their party, they assisted in ejecting from office a Government which had gained its confidence. And what is the result? Bills like that of Lord Naas and speeches like that of Mr. Disraeli—bills and speeches which every patriotic and Liberal Irishman must regard as mockeries and insults. We should hardly imagine that the gentlemen to whom we have referred can now feel much satisfaction at the success of their efforts to oust Mr. Gladstone and bring in the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. At all events, if they do, that satisfaction will assuredly not be shared by the great body of their countrymen. It is now more than ever evident that it is only from the action of Liberal statesmen and the influence of the Liberal party that Ireland can hope for the justice which has been so long and so persistently denied her.

## PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

"HOSTILE passions, interested speculations, and a deplorable credulity," are constantly compelling the Emperor of the French to protest that his empire is peace. The world has so strange a mental constitution that it obstinately connects great and increasing military strength with serious warlike probabilities. You may quote old classics and modern imperialists to prove that nothing contributes to peace so much as to go armed to the teeth. Public opinion cannot be so persuaded; and it must be admitted that public opinion has the materials for a very wide induction leading to a precisely opposite conclusion. Perhaps it is quite as well, whether peace is really in danger or not, that it should be supposed insecure when France or any other great military monarchy makes special military preparations. Till Europe fairly perceives that you cannot purchase the blessings of peace by a war expenditure, that expenditure is not likely to cease. It has the double advantage of support from those who wish for war and acquiescence from those who wish for peace, and while this continues, must possess a strong grasp upon the financial policy of every State. The French exchequer was very much under its sway even when the pacific Fould was Minister. At present the purse-strings are held by M. Rouher, who, though a very enlightened judge of the sources of national wealth, is by no means an economist in its expenditure, so far as military objects are concerned. Moreover, he is too devoted to the Emperor's ideas to hesitate, on financial grounds, at any expense which is necessary to give them effect. Intervals of quietude there may be; good faith towards England there may be; continuous development of industrial production there may be; nay, there may even be a readiness on each particular question as it arises to avoid exorbitant demands. But the idea that the Empire would decay if its military prowess were forgotten is never lost sight of. So long as it is kept in view, the peace of Europe can never be considered safe. Even the absence of "questions" would be a worthless guarantee. But there are questions. Above all, there is the great question of Prussian progress and ascendancy. With this huge and rugged overhanging mountain in view, who can call the landscape a smiling one? The note in the *Moniteur* draws a fancy picture of it that would do credit to an estate agent, but public opinion, like another Martin Chuzzlewit, looks abroad upon the *Eden* and finds the prospect anything but paradisaic. The tone in which the French papers discuss the subject is certainly not worthy of any great occasion. The *Patrie*, for example, says that neither France nor Prussia wants to go to war, but that a few papers in each country want to bring about that result. Perhaps they do; but sparks are useless where there is neither tinder, touch-paper, nor gunpowder. If the countries want to fight, they would do it in spite of the newspapers. If they do not want to fight, all the able editors in the world could not make them. To lay so much stress on the war feeling being confined to the newspapers is very like saying that Fenian outbreaks may be allowed full swing in Ireland because very few Irishmen are in favour of abolishing property, as the Fenians are said to be. That is, any effectual cry for war in either country is not yet true, but that there is a feeling equally strong in both which would become fiercely warlike upon a very small occasion is indubitable. The Paris press, moreover, seems about as adroit as Lord Stanley was in the earlier passages of his Luxembourg correspondence in using language likely, while directed against war, to enlist on the side of war the *amour propre* of Prussia. For example, the journal from which we have already quoted takes the trouble to put side by side the risks which France and Prussia would incur by going to war with each other, the object being to prove the unlikelihood of such contingencies being willingly encountered. What are they? France could not undertake a war against Prussia except in the event of aggression and flagrant violation of her rights, without sacrificing her generous influence over democratic Europe. Well, no doubt that is a very precious, though a rather impalpable possession. But would any such risk be really run? We fear not. Count Bismarck is a great man and has done a great work. "It was a clear prophecy," says Mr. Carlyle, or his double, in the new number of *Macmillan*, "that Germany would either become honourably Prussian, or go to gradual annihilation; but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the newspapers, would to his own amazement find the thing now doable; and would do it, the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks?" This passage expresses the general marvel, but there is no such general recognition yet of the necessity of what Bismarck did; nor is the all but unanimous will and wish

of Germany which Bismarck carried out incorporated with the general democratic creed of Europe. To make offensive war upon North Germany would be a great crime, and the *Patrie* rightly perceives that it would be an affront and violence to democracy; but it is by no means likely that at present democratic opinion would so regard it. The risk, then, which the French journal thinks the Emperor would run by going to war is really a chimerical one. But what peril is placed in apposition with it as incurred by Prussia if, under any circumstances, she were to make war on France? Nothing less than the certain loss of the fruits of fifty years' political efforts and three months' sanguinary victories. Now if this were a true account of the stakes, the statement would hardly prevent a high-spirited nation from trying its fate; and if it be an untrue and extravagant account of them, it can have no other result than to inflame the Prussian mind to the extent to which it obtains notice amongst King William's subjects. And the *Patrie*, to hint that its preferences are not quite so pacific as might be supposed, takes occasion to tell us that Francis Joseph is coming to Biarritz with Napoleon III., and that "not Count Bismarck, but Baron Beust," will be there on a visit at the same time. Baron Beust is the one man in Europe who is most eager and most able to challenge Bismarck's power and success. Meanwhile, what is the tone of the Berlin press? The *Kreuz Zeitung*, under its new name, has just given us the opportunity of judging in what spirit French demonstrations are regarded in the Prussian capital. The Berlin journal is Bismarckian in its frankness, and makes no pretence that warlike expressions in France signify no general or extensive concurrence of opinion. "M. Dupin, in his late speech," says the *Gazette*, "expressed the feelings of a large proportion of the French people. Moreover, his words might almost lead Denmark to imagine that France was about to make war upon Prussia for the rights of the Slesvigers. Therefore the representative of Prussian policy does not hesitate to say in what light the Duchy acquisitions of Prussia are regarded. If any other nation is prepared to treat the possession of them by Prussia as the consequence of intrigues, Prussia is ready to fight for it as the result of a just war provoked by the systematic oppression of Denmark. Prussia admits that, by the Prague Treaty, she is bound to Austria to cede to Denmark, upon a free vote of the inhabitants, the northern districts of Slesvig. But for all that, Prussia will not hand back to Danish arbitrariness and fanaticism Germans for whose liberation German blood has flowed. No, not even if in France such an unjust demand should be raised." There is the true Bismarck ring in this; and the writer goes on to draw an ominous distinction between this question and that of Luxembourg. The latter was more international than national; the latter is national entirely, and not international at all. "Slesvig is a Prussian province, and cannot be disposed of by a conference." This is clearly exclaiming, "Come and take it." And for anything any of us can tell, Napoleon III. and Baron Beust will resolve at Biarritz to take up the glove so impetuously thrown down. Whether war is probable or not it were difficult to say; that opportunities for it are prominently present, all of us can perceive. Probably, the French Emperor would prefer peace; but to have it safely he must get Prussia to assume a conciliatory and deprecatory tone. And this is precisely the last concession Bismarck or his *entourage* will make to the Napoleonic susceptibilities. We do not say war is coming; but no other eventual issue is conceivable if France persists in endeavouring to neutralize Prussian aggrandisement by swagger and to disarm Prussian resentment by pacific protestations.

## LORD MALMESBURY AS PREMIER.

LORD MALMESBURY—"the old, original, incapable, flowery, garbling Malmesbury," as he has been called—has for a night or two been playing the part of Premier. Jotham's parable has at length been realized. We have actually seen the bramble king. The Tory party, during the present session, have not been a little indebted to accidents and "flukes." The soda-water bottle cork that flew into Colonel Taylor's eye was salvation to the Ministry. Lord Derby's gout, however, does not turn out quite so fortunate for his party as the badly-wired cork. A week's rain, it is computed, reduces forty thousand people in London alone to starvation; but a week of Lord Malmesbury's rule as a Premier would ruin all England. *Qualis ab incepto*. Malmesbury is still the original Malmesbury. Whether he is propagating his views about spelling, or the good policy of garbling evidence; whether preaching paradoxes to Hampshire rustics; whether, as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, lauding the policy of the Emperor of the French;

whether, as Vice-Premier, rebuking Lord Carnarvon—he is still the imbecile Malmesbury. It is not too much to say that Lord Malmesbury has been one of the great obstacles which have prevented the Tory party from coming into power. Mr. Disraeli is distrusted by the majority of his countrymen on account of his supposed insincerity; but Lord Malmesbury is simply despised for his imbecility. So well aware was Lord Derby of this, that, on the formation of the present Ministry, he wisely deposed Lord Malmesbury from his old post as Foreign Minister, and appointed his own son instead. With what a sense of relief the country hailed the appointment of Lord Stanley we need not now state. But the truth is that anybody would have made a better Secretary of Foreign Affairs than Lord Malmesbury. Even that male Niobe, Mr. Walpole, would have filled the post more decently, because more straightforwardly. But now, during his illness, Lord Derby has, of all men, chosen the rejected Secretary of Foreign Affairs to be his *locum tenens*. Lord Derby has the reputation of being a great humorist; and we can only suppose that his intrusting the leadership of the House of Lords to Lord Malmesbury is one of his strokes of humour. But it is rather hard that the country should suffer that Lord Derby may enjoy a good joke. The only other supposition is that Lord Derby may wish to show by contrast how really great a statesman he is. The coquette generally chooses a plain companion as a foil to enhance her own charms. Even the gods were not above this kind of thing. Grey-eyed Minerva went about attended with a blinking owl, and the goddess of Beauty was mated to grimy Vulcan. But the trick is stale, and loses by repetition. Besides, the contrast should not be too violent. There was no necessity for Lord Derby to choose Lord Malmesbury. There were plenty of Peers with at least moderate abilities from whom the noble earl might have chosen. But for some reason or another, Lord Derby selected his former Foreign Minister. Whether Lord Malmesbury is Lord Derby's "foolometer," we will not stop to inquire. Our business just now is rather to look at the way in which Lord Malmesbury has played his new part. And we think that an account of his first night's performance will be quite sufficient for most of our readers. It was last Monday on which Lord Malmesbury made his *début* as Premier. We of course make allowances for beginners. But Lord Malmesbury did not suffer, as beginners usually do, from nervousness. He was afflicted with a disease of quite an opposite character. The name of the disease from which he suffers is not exactly Parliamentary, but as Mr. Disraeli once observed in reference to Lord Palmerston, it is a monosyllable. What prevented Mr. Disraeli from saying the word in the House of Commons need not prevent us from doing so out of the House. Mr. Disraeli's word as applied to Lord Palmerston was "chaff," and ours as applied to Lord Malmesbury is "cheek." Never did that virtue so conspicuously shine forth. Monday was the night on which Lord Halifax moved his amendment. And Lord Malmesbury defended the Government from its opponent by the original method of attacking one of its own supporters. Lord Malmesbury answered Lord Halifax by attempting to refute Lord Carnarvon. He was almost silent about Lord Halifax, but voluble about Lord Carnarvon. He became unctuous as he defended the Government from the charge of hypocrisy. The "garbling" Malmesbury is shocked at the bare idea of hypocrisy. The nobleman, who exactly three years ago put forward his original idea that "discretion should be used as to what was published" in the evidence of the Public Schools' Report, is shocked by any imputation of want of straightforwardness on the part of the Tories. "Quis tulerit Gracchos" is the old quotation that involuntarily rises to our lips. But everything is immediately explained in the next sentence. Inconsistency is Lord Malmesbury's saving virtue. The world turns, and the seasons change, and we none of us know what will come next, is his plea. "The Government have been attacked," he pathetically cries, "by two Peers who are young in years." These two Peers, we suppose, are Lord Carnarvon and Lord Morley. And then the sage of Heron Court begins to pour forth his advice to them. "My answer to them is that they are young politicians—too young to be inconsistent; and that when they are as old as I am, they will find their ideas and views of politics, and of other subjects, not more consistent than those of your lordships, whom they complained of." Lord Carnarvon, who took a first at Oxford, must have smiled at the words, "when they are as old as I am," as he remembered Aristotle's saying that wisdom does not depend upon age. We do not know Lord Malmesbury's age, and are not going to take the trouble to look into the "Peerage" for it, nor shall we waste our time in quoting Aristotle to him, but shall simply remind him of the good homely English proverb, "There is no

fool like an old fool." Lord Carnarvon is one of the few noblemen who have done something to raise his party in the estimation of all honourable men, and it is probably for this reason that Lord Malmesbury took the earliest opportunity of attacking him. But Lord Malmesbury was not content with merely attacking the noble earl, but true to his nature, as Lord Carnarvon himself said, misrepresented him. Defeated in one method, Lord Malmesbury tries another. Unable to misrepresent his late colleague, the "original" Malmesbury, with his characteristic delicacy and taste, drags private affairs before the House. He alluded to private "visits in the country," and private letters. It would be too much to expect that Lord Carnarvon's admirable answer should have any weight with the Lord Privy Seal. We will simply content ourselves with saying that the answer was both temperate and dignified. Lord Carnarvon most properly refused to go into private letters, or enter upon the details of private conversations. Fortunately Lord Carnarvon is "too young to be inconsistent." He has not, like some of his late colleagues, imbibed the ethics of the turf, nor does he yet regard politics as a species of gambling. To return, however, to Lord Malmesbury. After having discussed his private relations with Lord Carnarvon, he entered upon his public convictions. And here he most unfortunately let the political cat out of the Tory bag. "Republican principles" is what Lord Malmesbury dreads, and it is to overthrow Republican principles that he has become a convert to household suffrage. His quick eye detects Republicanism in a £7 rental franchise, but sees only Monarchism in household suffrage. The enlightened artisan, according to Lord Malmesbury, is a Republican, but the unskilled labourer a Cavalier and a Loyalist. Mr. Disraeli's pupil is more candid than his master. Like all new converts Lord Malmesbury is a little too enthusiastic. He displays his creed too openly. His language simply means when translated—we Tories cannot control the £7 rental voters, but it is highly possible that we may be able to squeeze and manipulate the class that is below them. This is what Lord Malmesbury and his confederates really mean. Such is their creed, and we have to thank Lord Malmesbury for making so candid an avowal. Whether his friends will do so is another matter.

Such was Lord Malmesbury's *début*. In attacking his friends he simply held himself up to ridicule, and in defending his party exposed their tactics. We hardly think that it is necessary to go through his performance on Tuesday. We have had quite enough of him. There are honourable men among the Tories, with whom we disagree, but whom we nevertheless respect. Lord Carnarvon is pre-eminently one of them. And it is thoroughly characteristic of Lord Malmesbury's nature that he should have singled him out for attack. For Lord Carnarvon we believe that a political future is reserved, but there can be none for such a man as Lord Malmesbury. Lord Carnarvon can at least command respect, even for a beaten cause; but Lord Malmesbury covers even success with dishonour. The highminded chivalry of the one makes defeat glorious, whilst the evasiveness of the other would tarnish the most splendid victory. As for Lord Malmesbury's argument that the lower classes are more Conservative than those above them, we do not believe it. We believe rather with Earl Russell that the present triumph of the Conservatives will be their ultimate defeat. Lord Malmesbury is doubtless well acquainted with such small boroughs as Lymington and Christchurch. But the lower classes in them cannot be taken as a type of those in the larger towns in the North of England. In the great struggle of the seventeenth century the working classes were, as a rule, on the side of the Puritan Republicans, and not of the Cavaliers. And in the great struggle in America in the nineteenth century, the working classes were throughout the north of England in favour of the plebeian North, and not of the aristocratic South. We leave Lord Malmesbury to reconcile these acknowledged facts with his own theory. He is, we know by experience, fond of grand flowery phrases, and we venture to class his idea about the monarchical tendencies of the lower classes amongst them. There may be good reasons for distrusting the lower classes, but there are far greater ones for distrusting anything which Lord Malmesbury says.

#### THE TURKISH TRIUMPH IN CRETE.

THE acutest forecasts seem to be still at fault as to the fortunes of the Ottoman empire. Decay has been long preying upon its organization; its component parts have tended to assume an individual and independent form; externally it has been menaced by violence; internally, by bankruptcy. Yet it dies hard. Always

at its last gasp it manages to breathe still. Twelve months ago it appeared to many that the last hour of Turkish rule was really at hand. In every Christian province under the sway of the Porte there were frequent indications of an insurrectionary spirit which was close upon the point of breaking out into open revolt. Had there been the faintest prospect of foreign aid, even of foreign sympathy or moral support, we have little doubt that the Turks would have had to encounter a more formidable danger than they had faced since the Greek War of Independence. As it was, the attitude of France towards Prussia necessitated on the part of the Emperor Napoleon a policy of quiescence, of international conservatism in Eastern Europe, which otherwise we cannot believe he would have maintained. To checkmate the Northern Powers—for Bismarck, rightly or wrongly, was supposed to have linked the interests of his master indissolubly with those of Russia—it was determined at the Tuilleries that the Eastern question should *not* be reopened. Nor was it. Diplomatically speaking, the settlement of the Treaty of Paris remained intact. The interests, the struggles, the aspirations of the Christian subjects were disregarded. His policy was in the main successful in its object. In the Turkish dominions on the mainland a hollow peace was and is kept up. But the rude islanders of Candia, inured to dangers among the mountains or on the sea, knowing and caring nothing for diplomatic conventions or political sentiments, were resolved to endure no longer the yoke which so sorely oppressed them. They rose in irregular, but sustained and determined, rebellion. Encouraged by the sympathies, and to some inconsiderable extent aided by the Greeks of the Hellenic kingdom, they carried on for an entire year a war against the overwhelming power of the Sultan, which for dauntless resolution and energy has been rarely paralleled. In modern history, the struggle of the Spaniards against the aggression of Napoleon I. is most nearly analogous. Still the disproportion in point of numbers and military strength was far less in the latter case than in that of the Candiote rebellion. The Turks, at all events, have been compelled, over and over again, to send reinforcements to the island. They have been beaten, and have covered their defeats with falsehoods. In November last they set afloat a story of the complete suppression of the insurrection very coherent and plausible, which deceived almost everybody, but was from beginning to end a tissue of inventions. Soon after this marvellous tale of Turkish victory, Omar Pasha was called in to raise the sinking spirits of those who had claimed this triumph. So far as might be judged from his silence, this distinguished commander was proved to be as helpless against the guerilla warfare of the Cretans as his predecessors. But a short time ago, just when we were in the midst of our awkward adulation of the Sultan, the Turkish news from Candia began to assume a more exultant tone. "Our illustrious guest," to quote the newspaper cant, had scarcely left our shores, when we received the full text of Omar Pasha's despatches. We were informed that the whole district of Sphakia had been subdued with the exception of a few villages, that the insurgents would be compelled to take refuge in the narrow valleys of Samaria, where, without sustenance or hope of aid, they would have no alternative left them save submission,—that Mustapha Bey had cut to pieces the 400 Greeks from the kingdom who had come to assist their insular brothers. This story has been generally accepted as establishing the complete defeat of the Christian insurgents, and if it be worth anything at all as evidence, it is worth no more and no less.

But is it worth anything? Taken by itself we should unhesitatingly say not. Evil as the classic reputation of the Cretans was, we doubt whether they could ever have outdone their present enemies and oppressors in the art of lying. Neither the despatches of the Russian generals in the Crimea, in the veracious columns of the *Invalid Russe*, nor the braggart folly of General Pope, after Manassas, have equalled the audacious fictions which the Turkish authorities have published from time to time in the course of this Candiote rebellion. Whatever we learn from an official source in the East must be measured by other standards than those which ordinarily limit truth and falsehood. We have, however, a means of testing what we hear, not very precise, but still not wholly useless. The Central Cretan Committee sitting at Athens, and the Provisional Government of Crete, have supplied during the war information on the part of the insurgents to the press of Greece and of Europe. On the 18th ultimo, despatches from these bodies were published at Athens, which contradict, in every material particular, the exulting statements of Omar Pasha. In these it is distinctly affirmed that Reshid Pasha, who led the attack on Sphakia, was very far from being successful in his enterprise; that, on the contrary, he was repulsed from the intrenchments of the patriots with considerable loss, and that the movement which he had described as an entrance into and subjugation of Sphakia,

was simply a landing which he had effected after his defeat at a place of no importance, called Franco-Castel, not far from Sphakia, where the ground being low the insurgents had no troops posted. That he is as far as ever from making any impression on the mountain strongholds of the rebellion, is, if we believe these statements, a matter out of all question. It is also asserted that the story of the destruction of the Hellenic volunteers under Metzas—improperly named Mietto in Omar Pasha's despatches, is a pure fiction, the fact being that they cut their way through the Turkish troops with a loss of twenty-five men. In addition to these accounts, the Greek papers give copious details of outrages which, it seems to be admitted, the Turks whether in the fury of victory or the rage of defeat perpetrated. These are, for the most part, too horrible to be contemplated with calmness, and as we read the tales of atrocious cruelty to defenceless women and children, we cannot wonder if the partially uncivilized Candiote is sometimes roused to acts of culpable retaliation. Of the latter the defenders of the Ottoman rule make the most. Notably, our evening contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has disinterred the reminiscences of some Garibaldian volunteers who seem to have been disappointed in their reception among the Cretans. Their stories of Candiote cruelty we do not mean to apologize for, but we ask those who accept them, to look for once at the other side. Certainly the conduct of the English in India during the mutiny was far less excusable than that of the rude Levantine islanders, and the horrors of Turkish outrage were at least as calculated to rouse a fierce spirit of vengeance as those which disgraced the Sepoy Revolt. In one point we should think there could be no difficulty in ascertaining the facts of the case. The Cretan women and children, who took refuge in the caverns of Pachtaros and Cap-sodusso, are said to have been bombarded for several days in their place of refuge, and finally, to have only escaped a frightful death by the intercession of the Foreign Consulate at Canea. So far the statements of Omar Pasha have been discredited. Later intelligence from Athens, however, wears a more dubious aspect. It is alleged that the Consuls in Candia have telegraphed to the Hellenic Government that the Turks have commenced a general massacre of all ages and sexes, and that the authorities are unable to check the slaughter. "Humanity," it is added, "demands the immediate suspension of hostilities, or the transference of the Christians to Greece." It would not be surprising if the issue of this condition of affairs should be a war between Turkey and the Greek kingdom.

We have shown reasons for doubting the truth of Omar Pasha's despatches, yet, on the other hand, we cannot entertain a very strong hope that the struggle in Crete, if left to itself, will be very much prolonged. Already the press has begun to analyze the historical character of the abortive insurrection—very prematurely in every way, as it appears to us; as yet we do not know anything in detail; we have no exact conception even of the physical condition of the seat of conflict; above all, very few have the faintest idea of the motives in which the struggle originated. The leading journal easily disposes of the pretensions of the defeated cause, by setting down the rebellion as another of those spurious efforts to realize a "nationality," of which the Fenian conspiracy is taken as the favourite type. We should not think the worse of men who have fought to the death for an idea—even an idea of nationality. It did not seem despicable even to the *Times* in the case of Italy. Nor would we deny that there are many engaged in the Candiote rebellion who have made immeasurable sacrifices for that name of Greek which some would deny them. But we do deny that aspirations after nationality have mainly or in any important degree roused the Candiotes to rise in rebellion. Mr. Hilary Skinner, who has lately given, in a lecture, an excellent account of the present state of Crete, the conditions under which the war is carried on, and the chances of the insurrection, assures us that with the majority of the rude population no motive to revolt exists except the outrageous iniquity of Ottoman rule. However diplomatists may disregard the sentimental claims of nationalities, they cannot overlook the just indignation which pursues misgovernment. Turkey does not exist in virtue of her inherent strength: she is held together by a bond which the great Powers of Europe chose to tie. She is no more than a dependancy, a protected State; and, by every obligation of morality, her protectors are bound to see that her factitious independence does not give her the opportunity of committing acts of oppression, the natural remedies against which it has subverted. The doctrine of non-intervention may be strained too far. We have interfered repeatedly to prop up the falling throne of the Sultan; let us try for once to earn, by an act of generous intercession, the gratitude of those who are his legitimate and predestined successors.

## THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

It must be owned that we have seldom found ourselves in a more perplexing position than that in which the King of Abyssinia has contrived to place us. He has some fifty of our people in his custody, and his treatment of these unfortunate captives is so severe that they are willing to run the risk of being put to death rather than continue any longer in a condition which they describe as that of "dying by inches." We can readily conceive how death would be preferable to men who, during a three years' imprisonment, have been treated with the greatest cruelty, "with chains both on their hands and feet, and with these chains linked together in such a way that the captives are kept in a recumbent position." Still it is the fear that any move upon our part to release them by force would draw down upon them an immediate sentence of death which has kept us so long from interfering as we should wish to interfere. No doubt, if the King put them to death, we could make his Majesty feel the length and strength of our arm in a way which would be exceedingly unpleasant. But as no retaliation could compensate us for the lives of our countrymen, we have for three years witnessed their captivity and torture, able and willing to help them, but paralyzed by the fear that the attempt to do so would only make matters worse. It would serve no useful purpose to inquire into the means by which they came into the King's hands, or into the causes which have served to irritate that capricious savage against them. What we have now to consider is whether the policy of conciliation which we have observed thus far has not been exhausted, and whether the time has not come when we must compel him to give them up to us, or make him feel the weight of our vengeance if he should put them to death. We can hardly hesitate in deciding this question when we find so cautious a statesman as Lord Stanley confessing his belief that the policy of conciliation has been fairly tried and has failed. It therefore is now a matter which concerns the national honour that measures be taken as speedily as is consistent with prudence to try the effect of the policy of force. We cannot suffer our prestige in the East to be shaken, as it undoubtedly must be, by the fact that a semi-savage potentate can with impunity throw into chains the Queen's envoy, a British Consul, and some fifty British subjects; can reject the prayers of our Government for their release, and even treat with contempt her Majesty's autograph letter containing the same request. We are told that an expedition to rescue the captives must in any case be expensive, and must inevitably be attended with heavy loss of life by climate, if not by military operations. These are, no doubt, great evils, but they are inseparable from political existence. We must encounter them unless we are prepared to say that there is no insult and no wrong too great for our endurance. It may be, moreover, that the cost of an expedition to Abyssinia, in life and money, would be economy. In the debate upon this subject, Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. Layard insisted on the ill effects which the captivity of our countrymen is likely to produce throughout India. "Nobody," said Mr. Layard, "who was acquainted with the East in the slightest degree, could be unaware of the effect on the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who went to Mecca, and who would go back through the length and breadth of our Indian dominions, proclaiming that a number of English captives were confined in a dungeon, and that nothing whatever had been done by the English Government with a view of procuring their release." Sir H. Rawlinson declared his belief that the Sepoy mutiny was "mainly" owing to the loss of prestige we suffered in the Afghan war:—"It was because the natives saw we permitted our envoys to be murdered without avenging them, and that we seemed to confess our inability to hold the country." It might, therefore, be a fatal mistake to allow considerations of cost to weigh with us in this Abyssinian question; and the proposition that soldiers are never to be sent upon any service in which they will be in danger of losing their lives is, to say the least, a strange one.

We rejoice, therefore, that the Government are inquiring into the best means of sending an expedition to Magdala, the place where the captives are confined. The Indian Government have been directed to send over officers on whom they can rely to meet Colonel Merewether at Aden, and to examine minutely with him the points on which information is necessary. If, as it is said, King Theodore reads the English newspapers, he will learn from Lord Stanley's speech on Friday week that the policy of conciliation is at an end, and that in all probability a demand for the surrender of the captives will be made next winter by an envoy with an army at his back. This may have the effect of giving his Majesty's caprice a different turn. He was never in a worse position to encounter a civilized enemy than at present. He has been deserted by most of the tribes over whom he formerly ruled, and their chiefs would probably be willing to favour, if not to join, the

expedition. There is, therefore, a hope that when he hears what is in store for him, he will have the prudence to save us further trouble by releasing the captives, and will hardly be so rash as to put them to death. It must be confessed, moreover, that our policy thus far has been conciliatory to a degree so nearly approaching subservience, if not actually amounting to it, that it may have led him to believe that we are weaker or less willing to use our power than we are; and on discovering his mistake, he may be as ready to secure our friendship as he has been to set us at defiance. It is laughable to think of the efforts we have made to humour this ruffian. He arrested Consul Cameron because he had not brought him an answer to a letter he had written to the Queen, and refused to release him until the insult was repaired. But when we allowed him to extort an autograph reply from her Majesty, he still kept Mr. Cameron a prisoner. We thought to bribe him by presents, and, after careful inquiry about his taste in such matters, what was deemed an appropriate selection was made. The King, however, had expressed a wish for the assistance of some English artisans, and "those who best know him," says Lord Stanley, "said that unless they were sent the presents would do no good." Accordingly, men and presents were sent together to Massowah, and the King was told that he could have both after he had released the prisoners. His Majesty's desire, however, was to get them before. We should decide on some course at once. The problem to solve is, how to combine the most effectual mode of releasing the captives with the least expenditure of men or money. Our difficulty is that in dealing with the brute we have to fire over the heads of his prisoners; but it would seem that a distinct course of action is now imperative, and if it is, the less time lost in adopting it the better.

## MR. FAWCETT'S EDUCATION BILL.

MR. FAWCETT deserves all credit for his anxiety to better the education of the labourer, and there is no doubt that there is ample room for its improvement, if a feasible measure can be devised to that end. But we more than doubt whether Mr. Fawcett's Bill is one which the Legislature should sanction, or which would work profitably if it did. We by no means dissent from his proposal to make the education of children compulsory. We can no more see why parents should be excused from educating their offspring than from feeding and clothing them. Nor do we believe that, as a rule, they are indifferent to education. On the contrary, we give our poorer fellow-countrymen credit for a fair appreciation of its advantages, and a desire to obtain them. But it is a sore temptation to a farm-labourer to have to choose between sending his boy to school and earning three shillings a week by his labour. The boy himself would probably rather go to field-work than to book-work. Moreover we know that from one cause or another there is more ignorance amongst the agricultural classes than amongst any other, and the necessity of remedying this state of things has been so strongly felt that Mr. Fawcett's is the second measure Parliament has had before it on this subject. The other Bill has been introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Shaftesbury. It provides that children employed in agriculture shall attend school a certain number of hours during the year; that is to say, 400 hours in winter, and 200 in summer. Thus both Bills recognise the compulsory principle; and as the children of all agricultural labourers are, with very few exceptions, engaged in agriculture, they so far agree. But while Lord Shaftesbury's measure is elastic as to the time when the six hundred hours shall be devoted to education, Mr. Fawcett's is very rigid on this point. He proposes a system of one day's education for one day's work. This necessitates one of two things—either that the farmer shall dispense with juvenile labour on three days in the week, which is impossible; or that he shall have a double supply of juvenile labourers, which is again impossible, at least at that season of the year when every available hand in the parish is called into requisition. Mr. Fawcett's Bill proposes that no children under the age of thirteen years are to be employed in any agricultural labour unless a certificate can be produced that they have attended and are attending school on alternate days. This is compulsion in the wrong direction. He argues that on the days when they would work, the children, as was shown in Mr. Paget's experiment of the alternate system, would do more work than the proportion. This is probable, but Mr. Paget lived in the neighbourhood of a manufacturing town and could procure as much child-labour as he wished. That is not the state of farmers in general. Again, when Mr. Fawcett pleads that the employment of children at their books for three days

out of the week would raise the wages of their parents by diminishing the supply of labour, the fallacy of his argument was readily exposed by Mr. Henley, who told him that children's labour and men's labour are of a totally different character, and cannot be brought into competition. It is well, also, that we should bear in mind that labour is in itself an education, and that skilled farming is carried to a higher degree of excellence in England than in any other country, Belgium excepted.

But if Mr. Fawcett's system is bad in principle, the machinery by which he proposes to carry it out does not make it better. His Bill provides that if there is no school, or if the school is reported by the Inspector to be so unsatisfactory that its certificates of attendance would not be valid, the magistrates sitting in petty sessions may levy a rate, either for the building of a school-house or for the due maintenance of the school. The power to tax any parish having more than a hundred inhabitants would thus be placed in the hands of two magistrates, and their decision would be so potent that Mr. Fawcett only allows a right of appeal to the Privy Council in the event of two-thirds of the ratepayers agreeing to make it. The general impression with regard to the use which provincial magistrates make of their powers has not been favourable to their increase. We should say that in any other matter Mr. Fawcett would be one of the last men to confide in the wisdom of country justices of the peace. Many of their decisions have been such an outrage on common sense, such a travesty of justice, at once so tyrannical and so ridiculous, that we have felt it to be an insult to the good-natured Dogberry that they should for a moment be compared to him. Yet Mr. Fawcett would commit to any two of these men that power of taxation which Englishmen regard with the greatest jealousy, and which in such hands would be so likely to be abused that nothing but endless discord could come of its exercise. Even that is not the worst feature in Mr. Fawcett's Bill. It provides that in every agricultural school half an hour a day shall be set apart for religious instruction. To meddle with this question in a country in which there are so many varieties of sects is as hazardous as to undertake to walk upon eggs without breaking them, or to steal them out of a wasp's-nest. Nothing but the denominational system has saved us in England from endless bickerings on this question. We have agreed to differ, and we have wisely accepted the respect paid to our own corns as a reason why we should not tread upon our neighbours'. But Mr. Fawcett, as far as his Bill would enable him to operate, would undo all this. It provides that a majority of the ratepayers should have power to decide the nature of the religious instruction to be given. This is simply an ingenious invention for setting a parish by the ears. Small communities are not wanting in abundant elements of discord, and need no addition from without. But what would be the Christian temper of a parish after it had been compelled by two justices of the peace to educate itself at its own expense, and when the Church, by a majority of one, had triumphed over the Methodists, or *vice versa*? The intention of Mr. Fawcett's Bill is admirable, but its provisions are mistaken to a degree almost incomprehensible, considering the quarter from which they come. Imagine how the precept "Love one another" would be obeyed under its provisions; how many broken heads might illustrate its potency while it was being put to the vote under what religious colours the parish was to carry out Mr. Fawcett's measure. It is seldom that one sees so rude an attempt at legislation. At every point it is either mischievous or defective. And though it is unquestionable that there is ample room for education in the agricultural districts, the ignorance of the inhabitants is not so dense and mischievous as to justify us in saying that a bad measure is better than none. The most pressing necessity of the agricultural districts is one with which the schoolmaster has nothing to do—a reform which will admit of the observance of domestic decorum. Besides, there is already a Bill before the Legislature on the education of agricultural children which has the advantage that its propositions are practicable. It is the pervading fault of Mr. Fawcett's measure that it does not possess this indispensable merit.

#### HOWLING HARPER.

DEMONOLOGY is a very curious science. Shakespeare, who seems to have understood most things, evidently understood demonology. By it he has not only interpreted the past, but flung a light on the future, could his commentators have only understood him. That difficult passage in "Macbeth," over which Shakespearian critics have enjoyed so many delicious wrangles, is now plain as daylight. No one now can fail to interpret the true meaning of—

"1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.  
2nd Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.  
3rd Witch. Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time."

Harper has evidently nothing to do, as Dr. Farmer suggested, with Ovid's Harpalos. He is without doubt Mr. E. Harper, Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Institution of Great Britain, the etymology of whose name and whose office is—

"Αρπη εικυῖα τανυπτέρυγι, λιγνφώνῳ

of Homer. One great poet, in fact, explains the other. Nothing can be more accurate than λιγνφώνος—shrill-tongued—or as we have preferred to render it, "howling," as applied to Mr. E. Harper. The whole passage in "Macbeth" is, in fact, prophetic. Who the old cat is that has three times so unsuccessfully mewed, we think there can be but little doubt. For the post of "hedge-pig" we will allow Sir W. Verner and the Rev. Sir T. Marsh to contend, as they have both whined only once. But it is to Mr. E. Harper himself that the prophecy so literally applies. In him the prediction is fulfilled to the very letter. He has cried the very words "'tis time, 'tis time." "The time is coming," he said in St. James's Hall, "when the reporters will be compelled to do their duty," that is, to report the proceedings of the Protestant Orangemen. If this is not fulfilling prophecy, we do not know what it is. Then, too, the contents of Harper's hodge-podge are so singularly like those of the witches' cauldron, that we cannot look upon the resemblance as merely accidental. Who does not see the allusion to the Jew in the charm literally carried out in the present Government, whose principal member and guiding spirit is the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Who, too, does not recognise the exact appositeness of the lines—

"Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Slivered in the moon's eclipse.  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,"

when he remembers the recent visit of the Sultan? Who, too, can fail to see that by

"Toad, that under coldest stone,  
Days and nights has thirty one,"

is symbolized that terrible reporter up in the cold gallery of the Lords, who seems, instead of reporting other's speeches, to have made the most remarkable speech since Chatham's day in the House? All these ingredients, Government, Sultan, and toad, to say nothing of "sweltering venom," Mr. Harper throws into his cauldron. But it is the toad whom he stirs about the most. At the first meeting of the National Protestant Institute Mr. Harper began stirring him round, and has never ceased since.

To drop metaphor, however, and to adopt Mr. Harper's language instead, it appears from the proceedings of the Institute that this terrible reporter, of whom the world has heard so much lately, used "language with reference to the Marquis of Westmeath, which ought to have consigned him to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms." At the same time, too, the reporter used language to Mr. Harper which, we must confess, was singularly appropriate, for he told him "to mind his own business." But though Harper on this occasion only revealed what was said of himself, the world was destined to know what this reporter had said of Lord Westmeath, and, we are afraid, thought it equally applicable. No less a person than the marquis himself brought the matter before the House of Lords. There with a simplicity, which has not been equalled since Dogberry's day, he gravely repeated to the noble lords the exact expressions which the "individual"—which appears to be the Marquis's term for a reporter—had used. The terrible reporter had said—"I see that d—d old idiot the Marquis of Westmeath has a long notice on the paper for this evening, but I'll take care not to give a word of what he says." For the reporter, we suppose, knew very well that if he did, nobody would read it. Besides, reporting the noble marquis would only have been encouraging him in his folly. But not only did the reporter say this, but actually added, "What a pity it is that there is no one to send this confounded old idiot to a lunatic asylum." We need scarcely say that the narration of these sentences was received by the noble peers with the same laughter, which probably greeted Dogberry's performance the first time that great official ever performed in public. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ* was the result of the noble marquis's performance. He was fairly laughed down by his brother peers.

But in the meanwhile, however, the matter took a new form. Mr. Harper gained in his own case what he so much desired for the noble marquis. The *Times* was kind enough to do for him what the House of Lords' reporter would have undoubtedly refused. That journal not only printed Mr. Harper's speech, but made some comments upon his folly. But when Mr.

Harper had obtained his point, he was still not pleased. First he was angry because the press did not notice his vagaries, and now he is angry because they do notice them. At a second meeting of the Orange Institution Mr. Harper detailed his grievances. The proceedings were of the usual character. A Dr. Spencer made an address on the Battle of the Boyne, which no Orange meeting omits, any more than an agricultural society the sentiment—"He who makes two blades of wheat to grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country." Then comes forward the grand master, Mr. Harper, and apparently vindicated himself from the comments of the *Times* by bespattering Lord Westmeath with praise. Mr. Harper informed his audience that Lord Westmeath's speech, which the noble lords had laughed at, was the finest speech the noble marquis had probably ever made. For our own part, we prefer the critical judgment of the noble lords to that of Mr. Harper. But supposing that Mr. Harper is right, what then can we think of the rest of the noble marquis's speeches, if the one which convulsed the House of Lords with laughter is the best? But as criticism is evidently not Mr. Harper's strong point, we will turn to his religious views. Most Protestants believe that miracles have ceased. Mr. Harper, however, appears to be of quite a different opinion. According to Harper the last miracle took place in the House of Lords as lately as last week upon the person of the Marquis of Westmeath. "The Marquis of Westmeath," said Mr. Harper, "was an old and feeble man, but on the occasion in question he desired to make an appeal on behalf of the Protestant faith, and he believed that supernatural strength was given him by God for the purpose." That is to say, Mr. Harper believes that the Almighty exercised His supernatural powers to make an old man late at night furnish amusement to his brother peers, for this is all that Lord Westmeath did. If there was a miracle in the matter, it consisted in the fact that Lord Malmesbury for once in his life talked sense—a far more difficult feat for him to accomplish than for Lord Westmeath to talk nonsense. Then the performance took another turn. After praising Lord Westmeath, Mr. Harper begins blessing his Creator. Generally we thought that the Creator blessed the creature, and not the creature the Creator. But everything is reversed in the Harperian theology. Then he gives us the old story over again about the marquis being called an "old idiot." Why Mr. Harper should be so particularly offended with this expression we cannot conceive, for he should remember that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings is perfected praise. We can, however, very well conceive that the noble marquis himself might be somewhat aggrieved by the phrase, and especially irritated with Mr. Harper for so constantly repeating and alluding to it. Mr. Harper, we suppose, never reads such worldly books as novels. If he did, he might take a leaf out of "Tom Jones." "Yes, madam, she called you an ugly old cat to my face,—and I could not bear to hear your ladyship called ugly," says Mrs. Western's maid. "But why do you repeat her impudence so often?" not unnaturally retorts Mrs. Western. "Why do you so constantly repeat that I have been called a d——d old idiot?" might poor Lord Westmeath not unreasonably complain. Leaving them, however, to settle their own differences, just let us notice that the words always produced a great effect, especially, we are informed, with the ladies. Women, it has been well said, are born aristocrats. We are not surprised, therefore, that they became demonstrative when a noble marquis was called "a d——d old idiot." In one report we are told that they groaned. Whatever the gentle creatures do they certainly do with a will. They always take sides in everything. In England, where they have no political rights, they will kiss a dirty elector; whilst in Australia, where they have rights, they always plump for the aristocratic candidate. They never do anything by halves. But these women who groaned because rather strong language was applied to a foolish old marquis, are, after all, a type of the whole Orange institution. Mr. Harper, the Marquis of Westmeath, Sir W. Vernon, and the Rev. Sir T. Marsh, have all the same feminine kind of minds. They hate by mere antipathy. Whatever is not in conformity with their own narrow views, they curse with all their strength. We see by placards and posters that we are threatened with another meeting of the "National Protestant Institute." We suppose it must be so. Arguments are wasted upon Mr. Harper and his fellows. Time only can cure such follies.

#### SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD REDIVIVUS.

Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD's worst enemy can no longer wish that he had written a book, for the greatest ingenuity could

not frame a more damning bill of indictment than the one which the Commander-in-Chief in India has already drawn against himself. Our readers still remember the salient points of this case. Captain Jervis, of the 106th Regiment, in September, 1865, as one of Sir W. Mansfield's aide-de-camps, took charge of the household in addition to the ordinary duties attaching to his position. In accepting this office it was evident that its due discharge entailed a large amount of responsibility, and denoted a corresponding amount of confidence on the part of his employer. But besides the regular establishment, which included two or three houses, and a proportionate amount of servants, judging by an Indian standard, his Excellency in an evil hour determined to keep a private farm, in order to make himself independent of the local markets, and it may be to insure less toughness in his mutton, and less scragginess in his fowls. The direction of this farm supplemented Captain Jervis's other labours, and at the same time implied a still existing confidence in his probity as its superintendent. The accounts which had to be made out, were necessarily of a very complicated character, as residents in such stations as Simla, where the markets are irregular and ill supplied, are apt to resort to their neighbours for the purpose of getting supplies. The result of this was the aide-de-camp united the duties of purveyor to the community with his old task of farm-bailiff and house-steward. This list of offices seemed enough to keep his hands full, but he was further employed by his august head in constructing some officers' quarters, on some land belonging to his principal. Surely a better servant is rare to find, and apparently his master was aware of the fact. But there came a sudden change, and Captain Jervis, from being a chief and invaluable factotum, was reduced to the level of a defaulter. The author of this singular metamorphosis was a domestic, who declared that the Commander-in-Chief had been robbed, that the service suffered in prestige from the commercial instincts of the aide-de-camp, and that the residents of Simla had got their poultry and legs of mutton at his Excellency's expense. Of course, such a story as this strikes an unprejudiced person as a mere *canard*, invented to cast a slur on the reputation of an officer in the highest position, and no doubt this would be a very reasonable view. For on such grounds common prudence, not to mention decency, would be slow to act. Fancy a schoolmaster flogging a boy, because a tramp accused him of theft, without ever confronting the boy with his accuser. Yet the second authority in our greatest dependency acted upon a similar charge without consulting Captain Jervis, calls a court of inquiry, summons him before it, and is willing to ruin him over a question of beef and pickles. The Captain was justly indignant at this proceeding, and refused to give up his books and vouchers, no doubt acting on the sound legal principle which applies as much to the innocent as to the guilty, that no man is bound to supply evidence against himself. But this disobedience was made the grounds of a fresh attack, and he was sent before a court-martial, not only on the charge of fraud, but on that of military insubordination. He was found guilty of the latter only, and recommended to mercy. Upon which his Excellency, more enraged than ever, tried to make the members of the Court rescind their decision, and on their refusing to do so made most unworthy remarks on their not treating an officer as they would a corporal or a private. Captain Jervis, however, took nothing by the mercy of his brother officers, for the relentless prosecutor cashiered him. What was there behind the scenes to palliate so cruel a course? Surely a long series of offences on the one side and pardons on the other must have been the basis of this extreme severity. We read Sir W. Mansfield's defence, and his sole available plea—defence it is not—is that his legal adviser took his view of the case.

After the voice of the press had expressed its opinion in no mitigated terms, and Parliament had refused to act upon its suggestions, it only remained for the Horse Guards to give its judgment. This is now recorded with non-official clearness. There has been no such bursting of the bonds of routine in our time as this sentence of the Commander-in-Chief on one of his associates near the Throne. The despatch in which it is conveyed is a model in its tone of logical and dignified remonstrance. It concedes, to begin with, the right which Sir W. Mansfield had of bringing his subordinate to trial, and backs up this view by detailing the opinion of Mr. Mowbray, the Judge-Advocate-General, with reference to this point. As regards the conduct of the accused in refusing to give up his papers, he is exonerated by the same authority. But this prelude to the court-martial is clinched in the following paragraph of the original document:—"His Royal Highness cannot help thinking that, had you in the earliest stage of the proceedings acted in a more conciliatory manner towards him—and, considering the

long and personal intimacy of your relations with that officer, his Royal Highness is impressed with the conviction that your aide-de-camp was entitled to it at your hands—much of what afterwards occurred might have been prevented, and a great and deplorable scandal averted." This smart reproof is capped by some bitter remarks on the weakness of his Excellency in allowing his staff to persuade him into a court-martial, where he himself was *ex-officio* judge. Then follows a full exculpation of the members of the Court, and a further condemnation of the Commander-in-Chief for the language which he thought fit to use towards them. Attention is then drawn to a precedent ready to hand, in which his predecessor having similarly disagreed with the finding of the Court, referred the matter to the home authorities, and regret is expressed that Sir W. Mansfield did not do likewise. Lastly, and this must be the bitterest pill of all, after quoting the opinion of Mr. Mowbray that the Court had performed their difficult functions "with marked impartiality and sound judgment," the arch culprit is requested to make known this opinion to the officers composing the Court, leaving it to his Excellency "to do so in such manner as may appear called for under the circumstances." Such is the substance of one of the most remarkable documents that ever was issued by our military authorities. But we cannot afford to pity its recipient. It must be borne in mind that of all the offences which men in high office can commit, the oppression of inferiors is the least pardonable. As this is true in all stations in life, it is doubly true of the army, where the ideas of discipline at present upheld make any resistance to superiors, however justifiable in itself, as regards the profession resolve itself into a case of petty treason. How long such a state of things can last is a different question, but that it exists now is incontestable. It is even virtually admitted in this very despatch. For though every sentence tends to exculpate Captain Jervis, not a line in the two columns of small print suggests his reinstatement. On the contrary, though it is asserted that he was right in law in refusing to produce his books (and if a criminal is right in law, who is to condemn him?) yet in so many words, the Commander-in-Chief declares his disapprobation of the course which the accused pursued. More than this, in a later passage we read, "the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief does not seek to palliate the insubordinate conduct of Captain Jervis, which is in every respect reprehensible, and which he condemns in the strongest terms." This is in itself a startling inconsistency. If Sir William Mansfield by his outrageous indiscretion has sacrificed a gentleman who cannot recover his position, it is rather poor consolation for the latter that his superior has carried his point and has been only punished by a *snub*. We do not think that Sir William is likely to benefit from his lesson. A general who counts the pickle-bottles and the chickens, who is ready to charge a brother soldier with something like petty larceny, is not over susceptible of opinion. For our part we cannot see that justice has been done in the case as it stands at present. Sir William Mansfield has gratified a shrewish spite against Captain Jervis; he has hunted him down with a desperate disregard for temper or decency; he has exhibited towards him the venom and rancour of a cross cook towards an under servant; and if the hearty and unanimous contempt for the whole business, with which his conduct has inspired the public opinion of the country, can affect him, he should learn to be more sensible and less vindictive, even when his kitchen is concerned. For a soldier—and a distinguished soldier—to have caused this scandal to fall upon the British army for the sake of economizing his private expenses and balancing his butler's books, we do not think any "remonstrance," even from the Duke of Cambridge, a sufficient punishment.

#### THE JEWS IN MOLDAVIA.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, urged by a pious zeal and an affection for his race which contrasts with our indifference to the fate of our countrymen in Abyssinia, has departed for Roumania to intercede for the persecuted Jews in that district. The necessity for such a mission at this time of day shows that the persecuting spirit is endowed with a vitality which some would fain deny, and which all have been glad to ignore. It is true that what is done in Roumania by a half-civilized and fanatical race is not the measure of the true state of the persecuting spirit in Europe. But it has often been doubted whether the love of persecution is not like the passion for war; and whether either of them can be eradicated. It may well be suspected that it is not enlightenment, but indifference, which begets much of our boasted toleration; and, in like manner,

that we do not go to war for a position in Europe, and still less for "ideas," because we no longer care sufficiently for either. If this be so, the only way to eradicate the warlike propensities will be to provide for nations absorbing interests incompatible with war; and this may, no doubt, be done to a very considerable extent, and indeed is done, by the spread of commerce; though whether the remedy taken in excess may not induce the disease in another form is a question. But with regard to persecution there are only two remedies, indifference and enlightenment. By the aid of these two remedies we have contrived to attain a pretty complete state of toleration, a word which, as is sometimes objected, implies a lingering disposition to persecute, asserting, as it does, a right to persecute. But we no longer use the word in that sense, though the inequalities which grew out of the original idea of toleration still subsist, and, so far, present a mark to objectors. However, we have so long been accustomed to regard with complacency the spread of our principles of toleration that the sudden reappearance of mediæval persecution has caused a proportionate sensation. In the same way we have boasted of the freedom of our trade and the security in which, under the protection of our laws, every man makes his own bargains; and we had fondly hoped that this temper had passed, by means of the law, into the very constitution of Englishmen and into the remotest corners of society, when the Sheffield outrages and the subsequent disclosures opened our eyes; and now Mr. Richard Congreve, the Positive philosopher, comes forward to offer us the Job's comfort that, instead of a pervading fairness, and submission to law, there is a persecuting spirit which infects not only our trades' unionists but our whole society, and that, in fact, intolerance and persecution, though Protean in their changes of form, have not lost much of their ancient vigour.

If this accusation is true—and that there is some truth in it nobody will deny—we need feel less surprise that while we are indulging in the newest and mildest forms of persecution, the Roumanians are still in the twelfth century in this respect; in the days of Hugh of Lincoln and the unfortunate Jew who made the acquaintance of King John. Yet there is a noticeable difference, for while in the twelfth century, as in that terrible massacre of Jews at York on the coronation-day of Richard I., the priests led the people against "the enemies of Jesus," the recent crusade against them has been ostensibly as enemies of what Mr. Carlyle calls "the gospel of soap and water." Religious antipathy can no longer be avowed. We proceed to give a slight account of this remarkable outblazing of a fire long smouldering, and even supposed extinct.

On the 23rd of May last, Lord Stanley received a communication which had been made by telegraph to Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir F. Goldsmid, and Baron Rothschild. This message stated that M. Bratiano, the Wallachian Minister of the Interior, and who, by the way, was known as a disciple of Mazzini, had by a circular addressed to the Prefects ordered the enforcement of an obsolete regulation, by which no Jew was allowed to possess a farm or an inn. Thus the Jews were liable to be immediately ejected from their homes, and even the keeper of a village cabaret was not secure. With many of the Jews the Roumanian Government had made contracts which were hereby violently annulled. It appears clearly that the regulations in question were obsolete and contrary to the spirit of the new constitution. But this was not all. Having done his best to drive the Jews to destitution, and consequently to vagrancy, the Minister next ordered a razzia against vagrant Jews. The Jews at Jassy complain that they were seized and put in irons and transported across the Danube, no regard being had to age or condition. They report to their English friends that they fear a general massacre. In a message to the Chief Rabbi in England they state that they number more than twenty thousand families in Jassy, that three hundred families had been already ruined; and that men were pursued in the streets and thrown into chains. At a later date, they reported that the authorities were exciting the populace against them, and that the streets presented a dreadful spectacle of men being hunted and hurried away in chains, while the women filled the air with cries. Lord Stanley at once responded to the call of humanity, and instructed the English Consul, Mr. Green, to make urgent representations to the Government. Mr. Green promptly instructed Mr. S. Clair, the Consul at Jassy, to the same effect, and himself waited on Prince Charles. The Prince answered that the reports were grossly exaggerated, and that there was no persecution, but simply some distress occasioned by the enforcement of sanitary regulations; that these measures had long been needed, and that the outbreak of cholera had rendered it necessary to delay no longer their execution. It is interesting to note how the prevailing gospel is sure to be quoted, whether it be that of soap and water or that higher

one to which the old saying yields precedence even over cleanliness. We must likewise remember that the old acts of persecution which wore the cloak of religion were very often merely done in pursuance of purely selfish ends, and when brought into question were justified by a pretence of carrying out the gospel of the day. The Prince seems incidentally to have admitted that the hygienic measures of which he talked were only a pretence; for though he said he had himself seen ten families living in the same room—a state of things deplorable enough, but scarcely remedied by turning them out to die in the streets, putting them in chains, or transporting them across the Danube—yet, when speaking of a petition by some Boyards of Jassy against the persecution, he complained that these very Boyards had urged him to persecute. The reason given by the Boyards in question was that the Jews were the principal cause of Moldavian distress. Thus we see the complicated nature of the affair—the Government, from motives of policy, and at the desire of interested parties, are anxious to get rid of the poorer Jews; for the rich had already placed themselves in safety under the protection of the Russian or Austrian Consul. The people, from selfish motives and religious hatred, are apt instruments to carry out the purposes of the Government. Finally, regard for the public health, especially with reference to cholera, about which European nations are sure to be sensitive, is put forward as the excuse. Mr. Green took occasion to remind the Prince of the barbarities practised at Bucharest in a similar case, where some Jews were driven out in winter, and one of them dying on the road, was dragged by his comrades to the Austrian frontier, where they were refused a passage. This the Prince at first denied, but when the Consul told him he had the story from his Austrian colleague, he made no answer. At Jassy, Mr. S. Clair applied to the Prefect, who said he could not cease banishing the Jews until he had an order from the Minister, and no such order had been received though the circular had been cancelled. The French Consul also joined in strong representations on the subject. Shortly afterwards, moreover, Mr. S. Clair took occasion to mention the matter in an unofficial way to M. Bratiano. The Minister said the police had acted without judgment, and only real vagabonds were to be molested, while he admitted that the Government wished to get rid of the Jews as a source of disease; he pledged his honour, however, not to act prejudicially to the respectable Jews. Why the Jews should be particularly open to objection on the score of want of cleanliness does not appear: the ancient ceremonial washings, as we know, have lost much of their import and effect; and the old story of the Jew who washed with the water which was to have saved him from dying of thirst would not now be possible even as a myth; but it is doubtful whether the ill odour in which the Jews were held arose entirely from want of washing. We are told that some professors without employment, briefless barristers, &c., were exciting the populace against the Jews—telling them it was time that race was expelled. Mr. S. Clair hinted to the Minister that certain Russian agents viewed with satisfaction, and actively fomented any excitement which might be turned to account in fostering dissatisfaction with the Rouman Government. To this the Minister appeared to assent. Nevertheless, he wrote about the same time to the mayor of Jassy, calling upon him to enforce sanitary and educational measures. Owing, however, to the combined representations of the great Powers, a pause in the persecution took place about the end of May. It appears, nevertheless, that secretly there was no intention of renouncing persecution, and the oppressive measures were still enforced, though less obtrusively. Jews were garrotted; and when the Procureur called upon the mayor to interfere he refused to do so. Commercial travellers, with their passports in order, were thrown into chains; and the authorities refused to receive their complaints, alleging the verbal orders of the Minister. In June a protest signed by a number of influential Roumans, including several ex-Ministers, senators, &c., was presented, in which the above outrages were dwelt upon; but with little effect it would appear, for the banishment of Jews seems to have gone on as vigorously as ever; and quite lately we find the deportation of Jews across the Danube going on. One party of these unfortunate wretches shrank from the Turkish bayonets, which received them on landing at Galatz, and several of them were either flung into the water, or in the recoil fell in. The Rouman Government has consequently attributed the disaster to the Turk; to make the Turk a scape-goat, being a perfectly familiar trick. On Tuesday, July 30, a statement appeared amongst the telegraphic news that the Rouman Government was entirely innocent, and that the whole blame rested upon the Turks. With similar audacity a Servian justified the antipathy to Jews on the ground that they kept

the butchers' shops, and refused to open them on Sunday. Another explanation which reached England was that there had been no persecution at all, nor anything unusual. That a persecution which threatened to be of an alarming character actually broke out cannot be doubted; neither can the responsibility of the Rouman Government be denied; the "malignant and turbaned Turk" cannot be made to bear the weight of the crime. But it is not unlikely that the representations of the European Governments may at least restrain the violence of the oppression; and the mission of Sir Moses Montefiore may have a beneficial effect, and will at any rate put the case in its true character before the rest of Europe. Prince Charles himself seems by no means hostile to the Jews, for when at Braila, where the Prefect is understood to bear no hostility to the Jews, he even attended their synagogue, and heard the "Te Deum." But at Galatz no Jew could obtain audience of him. He said the Jews hurt the commerce of the State and injured the public health. These we believe to be the true reasons of this persecution; in the course of which, however, religious animosity has found vent. With regard to the measures themselves, there is no doubt that they are harsh, if not illegal. By the new criminal code, no one was to be condemned for vagrancy without a judicial sentence by a regular tribunal; and even the terms of the memorandum issued by the Minister enjoin that a month should be allowed before enforcing its provisions. By this memorandum every foreign Jew was to be banished if he had not in his possession 5,000 piastres, or did not exercise some trade. Native vagabonds—including the great mass of the poorer Jews—were to be put to learn a trade. Even these stringent provisions have not been carried out, but arbitrary imprisonment and exile have been inflicted without previous trial or warning. As a specimen of the persecuting spirit, we may notice the case of Galatz, where the Jews have long ago purchased the land whereon to build a synagogue, and have prepared the materials, and contracted with an engineer, the sanction of the Municipal Council having been also obtained; but when they were proceeding to build, the Government interposed with an obsolete law, which prohibits the erection of a synagogue within 150 toises of the church.

The Jews may well seem a race ordained to suffer persecution. A stubbornness which no sufferings can subdue, and a tenacious adherence to their national and religious hopes, have cut them off from the rest of the world, and have constituted them a separate nationality. They have sufficient prominence to invite tyranny, and are without sufficient claims to popular sympathy to avert or soften it. Consequently, their whole history has been a series of captivities in one form or another. Their obstinate conservatism is seldom in harmony with the feeling of the age or country in which they live, and in consequence the disciples of all creeds have persecuted them in turn.

#### THE MATRIMONIAL CRISIS.

THE marriage market is dull. The cause of the decline may be recondite, but still the fact is apparent. Formerly matrimony followed the price of corn, and as food became cheap, the mouths which required it increased in number. But things are altered, and in spite of the repeal of the Corn-laws, spinsters are at a discount. Damsels dark and "auricomous" are wandering through the land, and, reversing the traditions of mediæval times, are seeking for their squires. The Don Quixotes have laid their arms in lavender, and the Dulcineas are on the road, adventuresses bold and fair. Less hardy than their male prototypes, they are more cunning, and their exploits lie more in the line of friars than of windmills. And where they cannot convert the former, they join their confederacy, and adopt their shibboleths. In Caffreland they are less advanced. There the old struggle for the smiles of the fair is as stoutly maintained as with us in the days of yore. It is true that it wears a different aspect, but the object in view is the same. They have returned to the old patriarchal method. As Jacob gave his years of service, the Caffre gives its fruits, before he can win his bride. What the former was worth at his seven years' purchase is difficult to calculate nowadays, but apparently it had a definite value—so much for the plain daughter, and so much more for her fairer sister. But it is evident that the terms of the contract in his case were not strictly defined, though he did not repent of his bargain. These terms, it is plain, depended on the necessities of his father-in-law. Our brethren in Natal are in a like strait. Their future fathers-in-law are too exacting. The old price for a wife amongst them was ten cows, or thereabouts, and a beauty could be bought for fifteen. But now the fireside is cold till the suitor has twenty

cows to offer to her needy parents. The cattle plague, we believe, has not reached Africa, or it would lower the statistics of marriage to a frightful extent. How many charming romances might be weaved out of such an affecting incident. The nineteenth cow of an aspiring Caffre might be on the point of producing a calf, and a murrain condemn him to a lasting celibacy. What an opportunity is this for an epic from the immortal Tupper to culminate in the *accouchement* of a cow! What passion he would throw into its expiring agonies! But the real obstacle to married life in Natal arises from the absence of war. Whilst peace in the West brings all blessings in its train, there it is the prelude to a prolonged bachelorthood. Of old, the chief, in putting on his war paint, inspired crowds of Celadons with fresh hopes, and when he left for the happy hunting-grounds, his wives were scattered amongst the owners of ten cows. Or his young men following in his train, and sharing in the fruit of his exploits, were enabled to carry off troops of Sabines to fill the vacant place at their firesides. And when they did not win a strange wife, at least they might gain enough spoil to buy one of their own kindred. Now this fair picture has lost its colour. Peace, dull unenterprising peace, reigns over the land; life has lost its prizes; the aspect of society is as flat as the career of a curate; and a wife costs twenty cows. This is the work of Englishmen, and Caffres remain bachelors. The market is still further depressed by the effect of polygamy. Here and there a rich old man, with his flocks and his herds, is enabled to swell his harem to repletion, and antiquity gilds this social iniquity. Prescription amongst savages is an emanation from the Deity. And whilst polygamy lasts, the tendency towards monopoly is a necessary evil. Woman is a mere article of commerce, and becomes, like land amongst ourselves, vested in a few hands. A revolution in this system must arise, but the immediate steps to be taken involve questions of great delicacy. A new Governor is coming to Natal, and his arrival may form a new epoch in the history of the colony. At all events he will have the young men on his side, and that in itself gives good material to work on. All kinds of schemes have been broached to remedy the present evil. One party advocates registration; another suggests an increasing tax on every wife after the first; a third party suggests the declaration of a fixed legal tender; whilst the extremes take their stand upon positive prohibition. This last proposition seems scarcely practicable, for a Caffre bigamist sounds not unlike a *reductio ad absurdum*. Perhaps the intelligent Zulu who first suggested doubts to Bishop Colenso regarding the Pentateuch may have an equally constructive faculty, and may solve the knotty point. But if neither he nor his pupil can do so, we have great hopes in Bishop Butler. We have a right to expect much from a prelate, who goes out with the blessing of his diocesan on his head, and the hatred of rationalism in his heart. He will sally forth, his episcopal staff in hand, to carry the decrees of Convocation into a foreign country; and no doubt he will pack up the potent weapon of excommunication in his carpet-bag. Polygamy will yield at discretion before the mandates of this mysterious power, and the bishop may worthily supplement his mission with a band of sisters, who may ratify his decrees and confirm his credentials by taking pity on these lonely Caffres in marriage. Such a solution must be pleasant to both parties.

Where our Zulu brother is suffering from dearth we are labouring under a plethora. The bass notes in Natal are crying for wives, the Belgravian mother is shrieking for husbands. But "they love and they ride away." The position of a chaperone is a pleasant one when her daughters are still with fresh complexions and round figures. Her view of life is sanguine, and she looks forward to pleasant days of springing upon rich sons-in-law. But as the peach bloom fades or turns into a flush, as the contour becomes day by day more angular, anxiety begins to weigh upon her, and eldest sons get more precious and more rare. The law student, on entering the dusty precincts, dreams of nothing less than the woolsack; but a few years lower him to the bench, till at last he looks wistfully towards a competence. The watchful mother who has eschewed younger sons, and has almost frowned at a commoner, learns to regard a field officer as a godsend, and to be gracious to unmarried men in the ruck. She gets petulant—"why don't they marry," but still he does not come. It is a hard struggle to come down to the curate, but the dear girls must not be sacrificed; and the aspirant to a coronet, the belle of a dozen balls, sinks into something between a sister of mercy and a village schoolmistress. There must be reasons for this incongruity between the start and the finish. The principal reason is that men cannot or will not pay the twenty cows. The tariff is raised, and in consequence there are no buyers. Marriage is not what it was. With our forefathers

it meant a contract between two persons to do as well as you could on what you had. If you could afford to keep a dog-cart you were not expected to drive a pair; and if a horse was too much for your income, your wife walked. Now marriage means spending a hundred a year more than you have. Once, if it suited you to have a parlour-maid, you went without a footman; or if you could pay a footman, you were happy without a butler. It is so no longer. Everything appertaining to a husband is stereotyped. Next door they keep a brougham, and you must do the same. Life is a kind of competitive examination, which is seldom finished till you are ruined. And if this seems stated rather strongly, it is true in the main. Society needs its Reform Bill, and fathers of families should meet in Hyde Park to bring it about. We are almost tired of acting in "The Road to Ruin," and we feel that even a course of sermons would be an improvement on such plays. We are getting into a hybrid state which is neither French nor English, acquiring as we are by degrees the restlessness and finery of our neighbours, without the due palliation of grace in manner and lightness of heart. Our position is as difficult as that of the Caffres. Positive prohibition is out of the question, and our only chance is to impose a heavy tax upon watering-places, carriages, and knick-knacks of all descriptions. The system of advertising for a wife has not as yet obtained amongst us, so we may as well educate our daughters in a way to attract mankind without that facility. There is no need of going back to the times in which they superintended the dinners and understood the mysteries of pastry, though the Miss Primroses were not thereby rendered the less attractive. But young ladies should not be reduced to a smattering of school-girl French, even when it is tempered with a mastery of "Mangnall's Questions." Or if they must be ignorant, let them be humble, and be willing to place their personal charms against the worth of an honest man who will support them by the fruits of his daily toil. Till then, they may well expect to remain in the desolate state of the poor Caffre, and with more reason.

#### RESURRECTIONISTS IN MUSLIN.

IT is not given to every one to be a buried Saxon. Yet how must we envy the fate of those men and women who, having lived out their little life with what of happiness was vouchsafed them, are now regarded with the highest interest by learned heads and bright eyes, who figure in newspaper paragraphs, and achieve, without labour of their own, a great posthumous fame. "Near is thy forgetfulness of all things," says Marcus Aurelius, in one of his wise, sad aphorisms, "and near the forgetfulness of thee by all." But the pious Emperor foresaw not the Archaeological Society. The simple Saxon who gathered his children around him and bade good-bye to a world which had not been, perhaps, over kind to him, little thought that on some bright July morning, ten or twelve hundred years thereafter, the sunlight would once more strike upon his temples and warm his ancient nose; that a number of graceful creatures in thin dresses, with large masses of foreign hair upon the back of the head, and with no bonnet to speak of, would lift him up bit by bit and examine him with intense curiosity; that he would rest his hollow limbs upon pale lavender gloves, and have sweet English talk flow over his no longer supple joints. Could he but know the speculation he now causes, what a horrible grin would shine along his grisly teeth! The old skull which no one had deemed of any use but his wife—and then because it was the best place on which she could lay the conjugal chastisement of a Saxon poker—is now taken up and breathed over by the myrtle breath of sweet nineteen. It was once the good fortune of the present writer to be permitted to look upon certain preparations for a luncheon which her Majesty was expected to eat upon the following day. He will undertake to say that the lobsters, although seen by the dim, religious light of a tallow-candle, were no other than commonplace shellfish, containing the usual amount of delicious indigestion within their military coats. He will further maintain against the world that the lettuces and radishes were grown out of common earth; and that the jellies, confectionery, and fruit were unconsciously like the same articles when purchased for vulgar coin in Regent-street. Yet it was charming to behold the awe-struck admiration of a party of ladies who had also come to witness this great treat. A subtle alchemy of association had transformed these simple materials into hidden emblems. That which was to become part of Majesty was already Majesty; and a mystic would declare, what these ladies unconsciously felt, that the poor lobsters then lying before us were undoubtedly royal. What wonder, then, if some wretched Saxon bones, passed through some similar mangle of the imagination or

sympathy, should come out a new and wondrous creation, appealing only too forcibly to the feminine heart?

Now the chief amusement of an archaeological party can only be described by two words which, despite the authority of Pepys, Dickens, Kingsley, and others, still remains slang—spooning and mooning. Those persons who are mostly inclined to moon when they are alone, are generally inclined to spoon when they are not. An archaeological party fits itself to all dispositions. The opportunities it offers are as varied as its members. The latter ordinarily include, to begin with, two or three unruly boys and girls, not a little glad, perhaps, to escape for a season from these

"Maximes sévères  
Qui font que les enfants compétent les jours des pères."

Then there are a few elderly ladies, who generally bring pet spaniels with them; and there are a number of maidens with prettily big chignons and smart boots. One or two mild youths, with a taste for ruins and water-colour; a tall gentleman with blue spectacles; and a curate with long yellow hair and thin whiskers, who (when ordered in advance) provides decorous jokes for his fair companions, make up the party, which is under the practical direction of a profound archaeologist from London. The Saxon burial-ground lies beside some newly-built cottages; and all around the scene of the future excavations are flung rough white boards, pickaxes, mounds of earth, and washing-troughs. The curate manufactures seats for the ladies, and is certain to secure a good position for Goldenhair. A grave already lies open; you see, scarcely two feet from the surface, the bony outline of the figure, which is that of a young girl. A workman has just picked up a bead belonging to an ornament which yesterday was taken from round the skeleton; and then he passes the bit of blue glass to the ladies, who hold it between their eyes and the sunlight, and buzz around it, and pretend to be very curious and quite unmindful of crushing their skirts. The curate, after several minutes' profound thought, asks Goldenhair if she has seen the venerable bead; but she does not answer him. She is looking on the skeleton of the girl, wondering what was the colour of her hair and the colour of her eyes. Was she the loved of many lovers, herself loving none? or did she sit on the quiet autumn evenings, in this green vale of Kent, and looking away over the long yellow fields and the rosy woods, sigh to herself—

"Oh, gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
To where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss to his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!"

Did the pale Capella, then as now, rise up whitely and graciously in the still summer nights? did the bold Aldebaran gleam down upon the dark woods and the darker river? Were these rude beads the secret gift of a lover, over which she may have bitterly wept? or was she only a stupid little woman, with as narrow a range of sympathies, and as selfish a theory of the world's existence and of her own, as is possessed by any modern Pagan who rides in Rotten-row under the wing of her father, and mentally cries, "Who'll buy? who'll buy?" Alas! the curate's jokes are unheeded, for Goldenhair dreams day-dreams. He addresses himself to Goldenhair's sister, who, kneeling by the side of the Saxon grave, and clasping both hands upon her parasol, looks like some unsculptured saint mourning over the tomb; and with her he is more successful. He would not jest beside the grave of any person who died one, or two, or three years ago; but the grave of a Saxon is another thing, and, in his feeble way, he smites and spares not.

Occasionally archaeological parties really wake up into enthusiasm. A remarkably fine skeleton is gradually being brought into view. The workman carefully scrapes away the dry earth, and every moment the bones of the buried man come more sharply into relief. At last he lies, with the strong sunlight throwing black shadows into his eye-sockets and around the skull, as perfectly as though he had been taken out of an anatomical case. Suddenly, the excavator strikes his trowel against some substance which gives forth a ringing sound. A little further scraping, and the neck of an urn appears—"sensation!" Everybody crowds around the shallow pit. Goldenhair herself is moved, and stretches out her lily-white neck to watch the slow unearthing of the precious vessel; the curate ceases for a moment to quote Theodore Hook, and leans over somebody's shoulder. This great fellow, whose skeleton appears to be about six feet in length, has had the small pitcher buried close to his head, containing what liquid we know not,—

"Deus sit propitius,  
Huic potatori!"

At length the treasure, carefully scraped, is handed to the delighted archaeologist, who thereupon delivers it over to the more vulgar

curiosity of his followers. It is determined to photograph the urn and skeleton together, and to send to the newspapers an account of the discovery, which shall draw away the eyes of all readers from Parliamentary reports and rumours of war. The party is now quite satisfied. Each member feels that he or she has advanced the general interests of science; and, by the link of touching some decaying bones, united himself or herself in a decided manner to that mysterious age which lives for us in a halo of mythical history and historical myth. There is but one thing wanting to confirm the general joy. A number of vitreous beads have been found, of various shapes and colours: what if each lady were to drop one or two of these relics into her pocket? The Archaeological Society has surely enough of such things; and then how charming to have a bit of stone a thousand years old set in the middle of a brooch! Goldenhair turns her face homeward, for not even a buried Saxon can drive away thoughts of luncheon; and, in a short time, our scientific party is moving like a brilliant serpent down through the green valley and along the banks of the river. And the big Saxon still lies there in the sunlight, with that hideous grin on his face; until one could almost fancy him rejoicing with an unholy joy in the defeat of his sacrilegious enemies, who have departed with the whirling brains which Mephistopheles conferred upon the student who came to learn of Faust.

#### ASSIZE SERMONS.

THE pomp and circumstance of morning service in a grand old cathedral when her Majesty's judges honour the building with their presence need no fresh description. Most people have seen that pageant in the course of their lives, and it can hardly have failed to impress them. The preparations for the service, the crowds assembled about the doors, and the select few who are thought worthy of admittance into the *sanctum sanctorum*; the light dresses of the ladies at this season of the year, and the absence of bonnets at the command of this season of fashion, contribute to the awe of the spectators. The seats reserved for the barristers of the circuit are filled early by those who have no briefs to keep them to their lodgings, and who are not preparing to defend murderers during the reading of the Sixth Commandment. But as the barristers appear in the dress of ordinary mortals they are not much noticed. All eyes are turned on the door of the choir, which is guarded by a heavy mace. As the organ peals there is a procession of wands through the doorway meeting the choristers who troop in from the other end. The high sheriff, in his uniform, precedes the judge, half-hidden under his full-bottomed wig, and with his red robes thrown into relief by the surplice of the church dignitary who accompanies him. When wands and maces and other emblems of office have been placed upright in their stands, the service commences, and proceeds in unbroken order till the second event of the day. It is on that second event that we propose to write. No doubt it is gratifying to the Established Church to see those who are charged with the highest judicial functions take part in her service; but as they do not always take part in it, and as their official presence is eminently suggestive, she thinks it right to remind them of the position they occupy by means of a set sermon.

The preacher of such a sermon can find no lack of subjects. The mere contrast between human and divine justice, between a law that is the gradual growth of bungling generations and a law that is perfect, between the law that punishes the commission of crime and the law that enjoins the performance of moral duties, is sufficiently pointed. It must occur to many who witness the proceedings in courts of justice, that guilt sometimes clears itself by success, and innocence fails for want of a supporter. This may be the fault of our laws. It is not so much the fault of those who made the laws in ruder times, as of those who refuse to adapt the laws to the necessities of the present time. But be this as it may, the very imperfections of human law are the points on which a preacher might dwell with the most profit, and which might teach the most clearly that we must look beyond this world for the ideal of justice. We are too apt to rest contented with the present imperfections, or even to think that they are necessary, and that, if necessary, they must be right. "Such is the law," is too often an answer to the best-founded complaints. We do not say that the preacher of an assize sermon should occupy the place of a law reformer, or even that he should study the defects of the human system in order to compare it with one that is better. But he has a grand opportunity of describing the excellence of the other system to an audience which knows the state, if not the faults, of the one that it represents; and if he neglects the opportunity, those faults are the more likely

to grow upon his hearers. Of course, all he can do is to suggest. He cannot hope to convince a legal assembly. He may easily make them smile. If he tries to talk in their language, he is almost certain to produce this effect. But the difficulty is to make them smile and yet to make them think, to excite their attention and not to fail of their sympathies. Sydney Smith seems to have overcome this difficulty, and his two assize sermons maintain a place in his works of which they are quite worthy. Yet Sydney Smith preached rather common sense than religion, and many clergymen (following, indeed, the bent of their nature) disdain to preach common sense. We have heard that when Sydney Smith gave out the text of his second sermon, "And behold a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him," there was a general titter round York Minster. He had already preached on the judge that smiteth contrary to the law, and it had been rumoured that barristers were to form the subject of his second sermon. When, therefore, he rolled out the word lawyer with a rotundity of mouth that was worthy of the occasion, not a person present could keep his countenance. It was, perhaps, well that he did not preach the third sermon which was promised on the scribes or attorneys. But even with the disadvantage of being a celebrated wit, and beginning with a titter, he must have impressed his audience, if the memory of that sermon has survived him so long, and has passed into a tradition. He certainly did not incur the censure inflicted by a judge on a rather tedious preacher. What the text was we are not aware, nor can we speak distinctly upon the subject of the sermon. Suffice it to say that the procedure of the courts of Heaven was fully described, and that the adversary of mankind was supposed to be acting as plaintiff. The arguments were set out at length. In the middle of the sermon a voice came from the judge, who, asleep or awake, could follow legal arguments and could detect any flaw in them—"all this is totally irrelevant to the issue joined between the parties." Even if the censure be not expressed, it may sometimes be implied the more strongly. Universal indignation was lately caused upon one circuit when a preacher said that in the courts of Heaven all defendants had to plead in person, they were allowed no counsel and no reply, there was no appeal to a court above, and if the sentence was adverse, there was no power of remission. The prisoner, he said, was to be confined till he had paid the uttermost farthing. But as his friends were not allowed to pay it for him, and as he had no power of earning money in prison, this farthing could never be paid, and his confinement must be everlasting. Here there was an instant appeal to human justice as the more merciful of the two. We were reminded of the view taken by a judge of an earlier generation of the story of Abraham and Hagar. Being asked his opinion of it, he said solemnly—"Had the case being brought before me in my judicial capacity, and had it appeared in evidence that Father Abraham had deserted this poor woman and her child, had driven them out from under the shelter of his roof, and had allowed them to wander in a desert, and had it been shown by medical testimony that they or either of them had died in consequence, I should have felt it my duty to have left Father Abraham for execution."

These instances may serve to show what a preacher of an assize sermon should avoid if he wishes to impress his audience. Unless he is very sure of his subject, he must shun technical expressions. Even then he should be sparing of them. Men who are engaged six days in the week in court or in chambers do not care to hear the jargon of either when they emerge on the seventh. Possibly, briefless barristers, who are only just learning those terms and hardly know how to apply them, may be struck by their use in a sermon, and may think a little more of their Christian profession when they hear it described as an estoppel. But Q.C.'s have souls as well as their juniors, and it might be the privilege of a high sheriff's chaplain to awaken a serjeant. Some great lawyers have always been religious men, although others never go to church except when they open the commission. "What! in York Minster, and when the 'Messiah' was performed?" exclaimed the incredulous friend of one most eminent counsel. "Quite natural," was the reply; "he was retained on the other side." But that explanation was hardly needed. So long as sufficient attractions are presented by a service it will be attended by many who would otherwise stay away, and if the sermon is good it is itself such an attraction. It was always considered a signal testimony to the worth of a parish priest that "fools who came to scoff remained to pray." It would be no less creditable to a preacher if those who came to hear him as a matter of form returned to listen to him as a pleasure. It is something to chain the attention of a body of acute and thoughtful men, who are accustomed both

to speak and to criticise speaking, to test the cogency of other men's arguments, and to find counter-arguments of their own. A story is told of a barrister who lamented the waste of clerical opportunities, and the paucity of good sermons. "Only think," he said, "a whole week to get up the case, and no reply." Yet it is the want of a reply that so often makes clergymen too easily contented. They sometimes argue that because lawyers use "bunkum" to a jury, a higher standard ought not to be set up for the clergy. But the address to a jury is only one part, and sometimes the smallest part, of an advocate's labours, and if he talks trash to a jury, it is often because the twelve men in the box would appreciate nothing better. Anyhow, the attorney who employs him is present, and sees whether the speech fails of its effect. The preacher may see that half his congregation is asleep, but there is no immediate check upon him, and while a good lawyer who has not the power of speech confines himself to chamberwork or Banco, the bad preacher inflicts his two Sunday sermons of forty minutes each on his parish till the mere sound of his voice acts as a soporific. It is true that he is not asked to preach out of his own parish, and that we do not have him at the assizes. But too general a toleration lowers the standard of merit. Clever sermons would not seem exceptionally good if dull sermons were not the rule, and if all preachers did not stuff their discourses with text there would be less temptation to the assize preachers to draw upon the text-books.

#### SUSCEPTIBLE GIRLS.

THERE is an essential difference between a romantic and a susceptible woman. A susceptible woman is one who possesses what are called the finer feelings of our nature in the highest state of irritation. She generally has brains, which the romantic woman has not. She cultivates her special taste with the utmost assiduity. She never allows it to rust for want of employment, or to sicken from want of care. She preserves the vitality of her emotions by constantly exercising them. Nor is the susceptible lady particular in her choice of objects. Although she will as a girl fix on a man in preference to a cat or a parrot, still, sooner than want a subject, she will even love one of her own sex. With her love means a simple fetish worship of the present idol. Although she changes them constantly for the time, they have no cause to complain of her devotion. She exacts nothing more than that they should permit her to gush over them, to lay flowers at their feet, to praise them and to be kind to them with a sufficient intensity to satisfy her craving while the fit lasts. The gods may be sticks or stones, but the worshipper endows them with a thousand agreeable qualities and powers, which are simply the emanation of a susceptible enthusiasm on her own side. The King of France who carried holy dolls in his hat and vowed wax candles to them all round when he felt either dyspeptic or religious, had not a more profound belief in his private saints than the susceptible girl has in her occasional pets. And yet she never cares, like the King, to put her faith to a test. She is not only ready but willing to accept the beatification and potency of her favourites upon trust. She wants nothing from them save that they remain passive under her violently sympathetic regards. This is what makes the susceptible woman a bad lover. She prefers to love rather than to be loved. The work must be all on her side. She will have no partner in her impulses. Her pleasure is so completely of an imaginative kind that when two are brought actively into it, she ceases to enjoy it with that fanatic zest which she felt when the luxury was unshared and swallowed in secret. Nor does this come from selfishness. Susceptible girls are generous. They are generous even beyond the generosity which arises from their abnormal softness. Giving with them is a pure satisfaction. They are constantly imagining the effects of their bounty upon the recipient, and in the enjoyment received they feel they are more than justified in the outlay. Love is a difficult and almost inaccessible sentiment to them. They will have favourites rather than lovers. The growth of passion is constantly checked and crossed by other caprices of susceptibility. Besides, the susceptible girl has generally rather a refined nature. She lives in fancies, and prefers to dream and to go into reveries over fifty splendid creatures, with violet eyes, drooping moustaches, and heavy dragoon proportions, to believing in the homage of an ordinary or an ugly personage, who can scarcely be idealized sufficiently in the crucible of her imagination. She suffers of course from emotion waste. Her affairs of the heart are duplicated. She is as miserable at the coldness of her darling Blanche or Emily as she would be at the sudden

coolness of a man who had been sanguine enough to think he could enter the lists against every attractive male and female who might come in the path of the susceptible lady. The sphere of her affections comprehends a sort of Happy Family cage, where a dog, a cat, a dandy, an actress, and a poet, may be tamed to exist in unity and peace. She cannot understand that no man of mind or brains could survive such an atmosphere or companionship, and that if he tried for ever so short a time his life would become a burden to him. In fact, the susceptible woman has not a particle of jealousy, and therefore cannot get into her head the fact that without jealousy there is no real affection. She must be allowed the credit of being amiable, and amiable in a winning, spontaneous manner, which arises from a thoroughly honest nature. She retains longer than artful or scheming women the mind-graces which are so attractive to thoughtful persons. Her motives of action are never mean, and will, even when cut up, bear inspection. She is dangerous to flirt with, unless to a man who makes flirting an artistic pursuit, and who has no hesitation in deliberately beating and bruising his partner in the game when her sex gives him an advantage over her. She is dangerous to a sincere man, simply because if he sees far enough he can see that there is a possibility of winning a pure and emotional soul from a mere effluence of susceptibility which is bestowed almost indiscriminately to a single undivided and exceptional fidelity, and the chances against realizing this possibility are so slight that the pursuit is beyond measure disheartening. When he thinks the fortress is won, and the flag pulled down, he finds another hoisted and the guns shotted to receive his next approach. It is better for him to admire than to love the susceptible girl; and if he is a fool he can accept her friendship, and be put in the Happy Family cage to which we before alluded. Susceptible women, if they can be caught and broken in by kindness, make the best wives and mothers; but unless cured before marriage they are never healthy afterwards. A married susceptible woman who brings to her husband's house the friends of her youth without consulting his views, is in a bad way for him and for herself.

The susceptible girl possesses considerable artistic and often literary instincts. She is generally fond of painting or addicted to music. Those ornaments of life serve to aid her in rounding and softening the crudeness of the mental pictures with which she so constantly entertains herself. Her love for an art, indeed, may extend to its professors. The power of a ringing tenor voice over the susceptible woman, or the fascination exercised by the performances of a superior pianist, a telling actress, or a melancholy, handsome, and poetic preacher, is something wonderful. This it is which constitutes her weakness; the want of a capacity for measuring the relative value of the men and women with whom she is brought in contact, and the habit of attributing to them everything that she would desire them to have in order to perfect her own momentary ideal. The susceptible woman is one of the best and most genuine of creatures, and no one's enemy except her own, and perhaps the unlucky adventurer who has attempted her conversion. It is impossible not to pity, to respect, and to admire her, for the sufferings she provokes, for the sympathetic instincts which entails those troubles, and for the unflinching firmness with which she continues to torture herself periodically. She may, indeed, come all right in the end if experience gives her sufficiently strong doses of friends to create a wholesome disbelief in them; and if she finds a man who has courage, perseverance, and regard for her strong enough to enable him to undertake successfully the task of turning the drift of her wandering and capricious affections in his own direction. Her faults lean to virtue's side, and have nothing of the organized hypocrisy of a flirt. And yet a flirt may prove much less difficult to tame. The susceptible woman will enjoy the self-martyrdom of quarreling with so keen a relish that in nine cases out of ten she makes, after a short acquaintance, an opportunity for indulging in this stimulative entertainment. She likes the sensation of being desolate and bereaved for just such an interval as will bring on a gentle hankering for a novel intimacy. Those who will not studiously reckon up her peculiarities are certain to tire of them. Her compensative qualities must be placed to her credit, and the sum is often so complicate and distracting that it bewilders, thwarts, vexes, and finally disgusts any one who ventures upon its solution. Love nowadays, if there is such a thing, must be critical, and the women who are married by men who do not love them, with views which extend beyond mercenary or passionate motives, generally become the wives of sots, of nonentities, or of fools. The susceptible woman loses infinitely more than she gains by her emotional dissipations. They can no more be followed for any length of time

with impunity than drinking can be carried to excess without degradation. Regulated affections are as necessary as regulated morals, and when a mind has been spent and frittered for years on a number of objects, there must come a period when it will not respond to any feeling, and will remain inert and colourless, without aim or hope, having satiated itself on the most unwholesome diet which the world could prepare for it.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MEXICAN troubles are not over because Maximilian, Miramon, and Santa Anna have been shot. Two native chiefs—Gomez and Canales—are in open rebellion against Juarez, and the State of Tamaulipas has by them been declared independent. Juarez has declined re-election to the Presidency, and no wonder, looking at the hopeless confusion of affairs in that unhappy land. The Republic is not even delivered from foreign interference by the ill-judged executions of June 19; for several expeditions, formed with a view to avenging Maximilian, have been, or are being, organized in the United States, and recruiting for this purpose is said to be rapidly progressing in the South. So serious are these expeditions that the House of Representatives has adopted resolutions requesting President Johnson to issue a proclamation against Mexican filibustering, and to inform the House what steps have been taken for preventing the departure of such expeditions. The House has also appointed a committee of inquiry into the execution of Maximilian, and into the decree issued in October, 1865, proclaiming all Republican Mexicans outlaws. With reference to that proclamation, a French officer who went through the campaign writes to the *Moniteur de l'Armée* a vindication of Maximilian's summary treatment of his adversaries. The Liberal flag, he says, was used as a cover for the most atrocious crimes, its bearers being often mere highwaymen and assassins. It is not very difficult to believe in the turpitude of many of the so-called patriots; yet, unless it can be shown that all who opposed the Franco-Austrian Empire were highwaymen and assassins, it is impossible to extenuate the sweeping October proclamation. Still, it is to be regretted that the Mexicans did not think fit to accept the rule of Maximilian. With a real national power at his back, he might have rescued the country from the anarchy which now seems chronic. As it is, the probabilities of absorption in the United States grow every day stronger. It is even said that Juarez and the chiefs who act with him have made overtures to that effect, of course on certain conditions favourable to themselves; and the matter has actually been discussed before the Vice-President at Washington.

HORRIBLE accounts are published of the sufferings from famine of the inhabitants of the city of Mexico during the siege of sixty-nine days which terminated on the 20th or 21st of June. The siege appears to have been, on this account, one of the worst in any part of the world for many years. At length there was very little food of any kind in the city, and the deaths were numerous and heart-rending. Resistance was needlessly prolonged by Marquez, who, though nominally the Emperor's lieutenant, is thought to have been really acting for objects of his own. He is now hiding in the city, but is so universally detested for his cruelty that his detection and execution would give general satisfaction. The Liberals have behaved with much self-control in the metropolis; but at Queretaro the executions have amounted to a massacre.

THAT the insurrection in Crete may again show some signs of vitality is not improbable; but for the present it seems to be crushed. At this period of reverse and discouragement, however, Mr. J. E. Hilary Skinner, of Lincoln's Inn, who has just returned from the island, has given a lecture strongly appealing to the sympathy and requesting the support of Englishmen. He doubted the strict accuracy of the recent news, and expressed a confident hope that the struggle would be continued. Though admitting that many persons who visited Crete came away with a bad opinion of the people, he said his own estimate was a favourable one. Unfortunately, the darker view has received a degree of confirmation within the last few days from the statements of Adolfo Bruzzone, a Garibaldian volunteer, who, together with some other Italians, recently went to the island in a fit of enthusiasm, and, it is alleged, left it in disgust at the character of the people. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is always imbued with a strong Turkish tone, endorses this account; and, if true, it is certainly of a nature to make us less

enthusiastic on behalf of the Cretans, though it ought not in any way to affect our estimate of the merits of the quarrel between the islanders and their Moslem masters. Even if the Cretans are still as vicious as they are said to have been in ancient times, they are as well entitled as any other people to throw off, if they can, a hated and an alien yoke. Unless, too, the statements of English journalists of credit are altogether false, the Turks have committed great barbarities on the insurgent mountaineers. There was surely, however, a touch of theatrical make-believe in that sentence of Mr. Skinner's lecture in which he said—"He had seen old men tottering on their crutches to the fray." If this were really the case, we do not wonder at the Cretans being beaten; for old men on crutches must be simply an embarrassment in any fight. But the probability is that this was a bit of "colour" thrown in to heighten the effect.

How little the Christians of the East understand the principles of toleration is evident from the treatment which the Jews have had to suffer in Roumania. It is now attempted to fix upon the commander of a Turkish barque the worst of the cruelties inflicted on the wretched Hebrews; but there cannot be a doubt that the latter have been infamously used by the Moldo-Wallachians.

OTHO, sometime King of Greece, is just dead of the measles, in his fifty-third year. It is five-and-thirty years ago since he was elected to the throne of the new Hellenic kingdom; so that he was only seventeen at the time—which was about the age of his Danish successor when he accepted the crown he still wears. The late monarch was brother to Maximilian II., King of Bavaria, and was one of that numerous fry of German princes who seem to be always in readiness for any little job in the way of governing that may turn up. He was an indolent gentleman, always in hot water with his adopted people, whom he thought to charm and subdue by wearing a Greek, or rather an Albanian, costume; and the real work of government was performed by his wife, the Princess Mary Frederica Amelia, daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who simply embroiled matters, and got the country into difficulties with other Powers—especially at the time of the Crimean war, when the Allies found it necessary to occupy Athens, as a precaution against Greek intrigues with Russia. At length the shabby little drama came to a close with the revolution of 1863; since which time, Otho had been living on his means as a king out of business—of whom, by the way, at the present moment there are a good many loitering up and down Europe.

THE Duc de Persigny has delivered a speech in the Senate on the true interpretation of the Imperial Constitution, of which he was one of the framers. He says that the Emperor is responsible only to the nation; but this, he contends, does not give Senators a right to blame him for bad laws, as they have recently been doing. He very candidly admits that the Emperor's responsibility to the nation is for the most part a fiction; and it is easy to see that this is so, for, unless the Emperor submits himself from time to time for a renewal of the popular suffrage, the nation has clearly no direct means of making good his responsibility, short of a revolution, which is a thing not contemplated by any constitution in the world. Nevertheless, the course of events during the last fifteen years has shown that the Emperor is really swayed by public opinion—meaning by that the opinion of the nation itself, and not simply the opinion, whether right or wrong, of literary men and journalists; and the Corps Législatif, whatever its faults as a Parliament, is a very good index and exponent of this feeling, as a Chamber elected by manhood suffrage and the ballot can hardly fail to be. But the promised reforms of January 19th are greatly wanted, notwithstanding.

THOUGH causing some uneasiness for the moment, the Dumont affair seems to have been explained by the French Government to the satisfaction of the Italian. It looked at one time, however, sufficiently serious to induce the Rattazzi Ministry to summon their representative, Signor Nigra, from Paris, to explain the real state of affairs. The French Government has denied that the General had any official mission at Rome, and it would appear that he spoke with a tone of authority which he was not entitled to use—unless, indeed, as the *Moniteur* affirms, the report of his speech is altogether apocryphal. According to that report, he spoke as if the Antibes Legion was a part of the army of France. But both the French and Italian Governments, we are now assured, will respect the September Convention.

VERY ingenuous—to the extent of impudence, it might be said—is the argument of the *New Prussian (Cross) Gazette* on the present state of the Slesvig question. "In the treaty of Prague," says the writer, "Prussia entered into an engagement with Austria to cede the northern districts of Slesvig to Denmark, in case the inhabitants of those districts should by a free vote express their wish for such cession. But for all that Prussia will not hand back to Danish arbitrariness and fanaticism Germans for whose liberation German blood has flowed." In other words, Prussia will not fulfil her engagements. That, unfortunately, is not an unheard-of thing with Governments; but it is not often that the fact is so nakedly avowed.

THE two Emperors—Napoleon and Francis Joseph—are to be very friendly, it seems, notwithstanding the tragical death of the latter Emperor's brother through the ambitious projects of the former. First of all, the French Emperor will pay a visit to his brother of Austria at Salzburg on the 7th instant, to express his condolence; and then the Austrian Emperor will visit the ruler of France at Paris, where there will be great festivities. Certainly, sovereigns manage these matters very differently from other people.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, on the 25th ult., addressed to the Governor-General of India a despatch relative to a report of the Commissioners on the famine in Bengal and Orissa. The despatch was published on Thursday morning, and it condemns the local Government for neglecting to take proper measures against so fearful a calamity. "I am reluctantly brought to the conclusion," writes Sir Stafford, "that, though the melancholy loss of life which the Commissioners report may be due mainly to natural and inevitable causes, there has been a most unfortunate want of foresight and of energy on the part of those who were charged with the administration of the province where it occurred; and that some grave errors of judgment have been committed." The authorities in Bengal, it is admitted, may have been right at first in not interfering; but the facts of the case ought to have shown them at an early period that it was their duty to take all practicable measures. "They saw the necessity for providing the people with the means of obtaining food. I regret," says the Indian Minister, "that they failed to discover that what was needed was not money to purchase with, but the food itself." Accordingly, Sir Cecil Beadon and several of his coadjutors are censured, and the general Government of India is also blamed for having acted—or rather omitted to act—on the utterly false supposition that there was a sufficiency of food in the country, and that it would all come out in good time. Here, then, are thousands of persons condemned to a horrible death by official incompetence and neglect. And a mild reproof appears to be the only penalty for the wrong-doers.

IN spite of party discipline, some resistance is still made by the independent Tories against their leaders. They do not accept their crown of dishonour without expressing some sense of shame. Mr. Disraeli has not yet been able to stifle amongst his unwilling followers all their old traditions. In the House of Commons Lord Cranborne and General Peel have upheld the honour of the Tory party. In the House of Lords Lord Carnarvon has been the eloquent advocate of good faith. To the world at large the *Quarterly Review* has protested against the doctrine of saying one thing and doing another. And now the tale of dishonour is being repeated to the farmers. Lord Henry Thynne, the Tory member for South Wilts, in his speech at the dinner of the Chippenham Agricultural Association, spoke words which derived their bitterness from their truth. He boldly told the farmers that their friend, Lord Derby, "had broken every pledge which he had made." He added that the only principle which influenced the Government was that of "place, pay, and patronage." And finally concluded by saying that the Tory party, in one short twelvemonth, had been "sold not once, but over and over again."

WE fear from what Mr. Disraeli said the other evening, that there is small chance of the Bribery Bill passing this session. It is of more importance than even the Redistribution Bill. Unless corruption is put down, the extension of the franchise is a mere mockery. Under our present system, the extension of the franchise will only promote bribery. This is the reason why in the north of England the clamour for the ballot is so violently increasing. The working classes feel that, as things at present stand, they are unprotected. There is, however, only one way of putting down corruption—punish the bribers, and not the bribed.

Our present system is somewhat like the old plan adopted in the monasteries of Chester, where the women were punished for being "paramours of the monks," whilst the monks went scot-free.

THE course of the Peers is *βουστροφηδόν*. Without intending a joke they have followed Mr. Lowe. They have not only raised the freehold qualification from £5 to £10, but, what is of far more importance, they have raised the lodger's qualification from £10 to £15. Even the supporters of the Ministry have complained of the dishonesty of such a change. The difference between four shillings a week and six shillings is much larger than is commonly supposed. Lord Carnarvon admits that "the change proposed would strike off two-thirds or three-fourths from those whom the House of Commons intended to enfranchise under the clause." Our own impression is that it will strike off even more. The first duty of all Liberal members in the House of Commons will be to reverse this amendment.

THE House of Lords does not move merely *βουστροφηδόν*, but crabwise, for which we do not just now remember if there is a Greek synonym. They have not merely swamped the city and borough constituencies of Oxford and Cambridge with foreign votes, but they have adopted Lord Cairns's amendment—that in all contests where three members are elected no person shall vote for more than two candidates. We have already in these columns expressed our desire to see minorities duly represented. They, however, certainly would not be so by Lord Cairns's amendment. Its meaning really is that majorities shall not be represented. As we have before shown, minorities are represented in three-cornered or "unicorn" constituencies. The only reasonable method by which minorities in other constituencies can be represented is Mr. Hare's plan. Lord Cairns's certainly will only increase bribery and corruption, and place constituencies more than ever in the hands of electioneering agents and wire-pullers.

WE are glad to hear that the Government proposes abandoning "The Parks' Regulation Act" for this session at least. The present Bill is simply the thin end of a Tory wedge. What the Tories propose to do for London, they will next propose to do for Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield. The right of assembly has always been the glory of Englishmen. Foreigners invariably mention it as one of our great privileges. Mr. Hardy, indeed, talks about enforcing the right of the Crown, but he has that very right to prove. Should, however, the Government persist in endeavouring to pass the Bill, we trust that all Liberal members will use every legitimate means to prevent it becoming the law of the land.

THE irrepressible Mr. Whalley has carried his eloquence from the House of Commons to one of the metropolitan police courts, and, very possibly, felt the better for the change. A few days since a man named Reach was had up before Mr. Tyrwhitt for selling in the streets that stupid and filthy publication which Mr. Whalley so generously defends, "The Confessional Unmasked." The magistrate on that occasion was not satisfied upon the evidence before him that Reach was aware of the nature of his wares, and giving him the benefit of the doubt, he merely fined him 1s. for obstructing the public way. To protest against this decision Mr. Whalley appeared, not in his anti-Papal capacity, but as a briefed barrister. However, he does not seem to have been much influenced by the novelty of his position, for he bored the magistrate in something after the manner in which he wearis the House of Commons. One observation fell from Mr. Tyrwhitt, of which Mr. Whalley and the Protestant Electoral Union will do well to take a note. The magistrate hinted that those who employed Reach, and not that poor wretch himself, were the persons who ought to have been proceeded against. Had not Mr. Whalley better test the law and the police on the subject by selling a few dozen of those pamphlets out of hand himself? This might result in his appearance again at Marlborough-street, and in a yet more complete change of character.

LITERARY men lie under the charge of being pre-eminently impracticable. They are visionary,—feed on air and clouds. They manufacture admirable Republics, Utopias, and Nephelococeygiæ upon paper. Literary peers are no exception. Lord Lyttelton is well known amongst scholars, as one of the most elegant of Latin and Greek versemakers. Lord Denman has paid no slight attention to the study of provincialisms, and has contributed to philological

science lists of provincial words collected in that wild district—the High Peak of Derbyshire. Both of them, however, are eminently impracticable, as was seen by their proposals to make handwriting and sobriety the qualifications for possessing a vote. The next proposition will be, that all who smoke or play a rubber at whist shall be disfranchised.

SOME exceptions, however, must be made in the case of literary men. Cole, C.B., better known in some circles as Felix Summerley, the author of the "Home Treasury," and those delightful and recondite works—"Pleasure Excursions to Croydon and Harrow," is eminently practical. He has apparently just now made a conquest over Mr. Disraeli. From what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, it would appear that Cole, C.B., is to have the British Museum removed to Kensington, whilst the library and reading-room are to be left at Bloomsbury. We should, however, be quite content with a few smaller changes than these. We would ask that the Museum should be open, not only oftener, but longer than it is. People from the country wish to see it during the day, whilst Londoners have no other time than at night. If Mr. Cole, therefore, would direct his energies towards lighting the British Museum at night with gas, and opening it every day, he would be conferring a great boon both to country and town.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MUSIC.

WE last week recorded the close of the Royal Italian Opera, briefly chronicling its doings of the season; and have now to offer a similar retrospect of Her Majesty's Theatre (which was announced to terminate its performances to-night, Saturday, with "Il Trovatore"), first, however, devoting a few lines to the latest novelty, or *quasi* novelty—the revival, on Tuesday night, of Cherubini's "Medea," for the benefit of Signor Mongini. We gave a notice of this grand work on its first production here in June, 1865, when the principal characters of Medea, Creon, and Jason, were supported by Mdlle. Titien, Mr. Santley, and Dr. Gunz; the latter gentleman having, on this occasion, been advantageously replaced by Signor Mongini, whose performance was throughout of a high order: his style having been earnest and impassioned without being stilted or spasmodic, and the beautiful quality of his voice not having been defaced, as it has sometimes been, by false accent and emphasis and sudden ill-judged transitions. His excellent sustained cantabile singing in the air in the first act, "Or che sciolto," his earnest yet not exaggerated declamatory passion in the two great duets with Medea (in the first and second acts), and his intelligent delivery of various incidental recitatives, proved Signor Mongini to possess many of the requisites of a great stage singer, and induce a hope that he will repeat this performance, more than once, next season. The Medea of Mdlle. Titien displayed the same great qualities, vocal and dramatic, of which we spoke in our notice on the first occasion. In grandeur of style, and energetic accomplishment of the enormous vocal difficulties, it could scarcely be equalled by any other stage soprano of the day. Mr. Santley's delivery of the music of Creon was as impressive and finished as before—Mdlle. Sinico being again an excellent representative of Neris, while the part of Dirce received greater importance than previously from its assumption by Mdlle. Baumeister, whose clear and fresh quality of voice, graceful simplicity of manner and unpretending earnestness, gave great charm to her performance. This grand and noble work, so excellently given as it is at Her Majesty's Theatre, should be heard more frequently, and we trust will receive several repetitions next season.

The season of this establishment commenced on April 27 with Mozart's "Figaro," cast, as in past years, with Signor Gassier as Figaro, Mdlle. Titien as the Countess, and Mdlle. Sinico as Susanna; Madame Demeric Lablache being on this occasion the Cherubino. On April 30, Verdi's "I Lombardi," an early and puerile production, was revived after an interval of fifteen years, which might well have been indefinitely prolonged. It was, as it deserved to be, a complete failure, notwithstanding the powerful performance of Mdlle. Titien and Mr. Santley, and the general efficiency in other respects. On May 11 this poor, crude, and pretentious work derived some factitious interest from the capital singing of Signor Mongini, who reappeared as Orontes in lieu of Mr. Hohler. The opera, however, with all these advantages in performance, speedily disappeared from the announcements. On May 16 Nicolai's "Falstaff" ("Die Lustigen Weiber") was given, with Mdlles. Titien and Sinico, Mr. Santley, and Signor Gassier in their original characters of Mrs. Ford, Anne Page, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Page, and Madame Demeric Lablache, Herr Rokitansky, Mr. Lyall, and Mr. Hohler as Mrs. Page, Falstaff, Slender, and Fenton. The graceful music of this opera, however, does not seem to make the impression here that it has done in Germany. On May 18, Madame Trebelli-Bettini reappeared as Maffeo Orsini in "Lucrezia Borgia," the heroine on this occasion being represented by a new comer, Madame Giacconi, a singer of considerable merit, who, however, was but little heard of afterwards. On June 1,

Signor Bettini returned and sang, as Oberon, in Weber's opera, with more than wonted power and effect. On June 8, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, of the Paris Théâtre Lyrique, made her first appearance here in "La Traviata," and at once established a high position, which was enhanced by each of her subsequent performances in that and other operas. We have so recently and frequently spoken of this charming singer that we need not again enlarge on the refined grace and finish of her style, both in acting and singing. On June 13, "Fidelio" was given, with the Leonora of Mdlle. Titiens, one of the most celebrated of her impersonations of past seasons, and still scarcely to be equalled by any other living artist. Signor Tasca was the Florestan—earnest and careful, but somewhat hard. On June 15, at very short notice, and with very slight preparation, Mdlle. Nilsson appeared, for the first time on any stage, as Margherita in Gounod's "Faust," with renewed success. The Mefistofele on this occasion was Signor Pandolfini, a new barytone who had appeared for the first time here in the previous week as Germont in "La Traviata," and who proved himself on several occasions a stage singer of experience and skill. The Faust, as in previous seasons, was Signor Gardoni, an artist who is always efficient and satisfactory in whatever he undertakes. On June 22, Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," composed for and produced at St. Petersburg five years since, was brought out with great efficiency, the cast including Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Mongini and Gassier, Mr. Santley, &c. Clever as the music is, far superior, indeed, to some of Verdi's popular operas, it did not possess sufficient prominent tune to please the ear of the general public, and therefore exercised but small attraction. On June 27, Mdlle. Nilsson obtained another success by her exquisitely refined performance as the Lady Henrietta in Flotow's "Marta"—and again on July 11, in "Don Giovanni," by the special interest as well as musical efficiency which she gave to the usually unpleasant character of Donna Elvira. As the Queen of Night, in Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico" (Die Zauberflöte), on July 23, Mdlle. Nilsson completed the series of her brilliant impersonations—her reception on this occasion and its repetition being such as to confirm her success with the London public, who will undoubtedly look for her return next season. Of the revival of Cherubini's "Medea" we have spoken at the commencement of this notice; and have only to add that most of the artists of last season have appeared this year, including, in addition to those already incidentally specified above, Mdlles. Drasdin, Corsi, Marini, Madame Tagliafico; Signori Agretti, Manfredi, Foli, Casaboni, Bossi, Bertacchi, &c.—the place of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska having this season been supplied by Mdlle. Nilsson. Signor Ardit has again displayed all that energy and skill which have characterized his direction for many past seasons. Neither "La Vestale" (promised last year and this) nor "La Donna del Lago" have been revived—but the season has yet been one of great interest, including, as it has, many performances of dramatic masterpieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, &c. Gluck's "Iphigenie en Tauride," however (revived in May last year), might surely have been given; and Cherubini's noble "Medea" should certainly have met with more than the single repetition of Tuesday's performance.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE "distinguished amateurs," who, with the Marquis of Townshend at their head, are evidently determined to act in every theatre in London in the name of charity, have lately been performing for one whole week at the Holborn Theatre for the benefit of the Universal Beneficent Society. They have attempted comedy, farce, and burlesque, but their comedy has been a farce, and their farce has been a burlesque. Their shortcomings as actors—their hesitation, nervousness, and clumsiness are more apparent in comedy than in burlesque, and men who by birth and education ought to be able to represent gentlemen are far more successful in representing burlesque clowns and drunken blackguards. They are patronized by the pit and gallery, and laughed at by the stalls and boxes, and, judging by the audiences they draw, and the known expenses of theatres, they have not even the satisfaction of benefiting the charity whose name is used to justify their mummery. All amateur performances are follies and nuisances, but it was reserved for a peer, a lord and member of Parliament, and two baronets, to say nothing of a band of "distinguished" commoners, to take a London theatre for a week, and show how much worse than our worst actors are untrained performers.

The dramatic authors of London, having been asked by the French dramatic authors whether they think that form of literary robbery, sometimes called translation and sometimes adaptation, is justifiable, have been compelled to answer no, and to join in a memorial to Lord Stanley to obtain for the French dramatists a right of property as authors in this country. If Lord Stanley and the Privy Council should be induced to alter the international convention, an international dramatic agency will be established, and three-fourths of the so-called English dramatic authors will be made honest by compulsion. The French memorial is signed by every living dramatic author and musical composer in France, and by Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Tom Taylor, and a host of less known writers.

Mr. Charles Mathews showed his versatility and accomplishments on Tuesday night by performing in French at the St. James's Theatre, for the benefit of M. Ravel, in his own French version of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Cool as a Cucumber," called "Un Anglais Timide." This was the comedietta in which he delighted the

Parisians for fifty nights, proving that there is at least one Englishman on the English stage who is more mercurial than the lightest Frenchman. On the same night Mr. Mathews performed in "Cool as a Cucumber" at the Olympic Theatre, playing the English version of the farce first before he went to the St. James's to represent the French version. Mr. Mathews' Plumper at the first house was not more gay and spontaneous, light, easy, sparkling, and joyous, than his Brown at the second, and his volubility in dealing with the French language was even more remarkable than his pronunciation. He assumes no foreign character as Brown, but acts and speaks in French as a light-hearted, impudent, educated Englishman, without nasal tone and sing-song elocution. There is nothing like him on the English stage, though many people, Mr. Sothern amongst the number, have striven to imitate him. Mr. Billington took a benefit at the Adelphi Theatre on Monday night, and played Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up;" but though the performance was not devoid of merit, it proved that there is only one Sir Charles Coldstream, viz., Mr. Charles Mathews. Mr. Mathews was very warmly received at the St. James's by a crowded mixed audience of English, French, and Germans, and the way in which he played with M. Ravel, and M. Ravel with him, was very pleasing to those who like to see these international courtesies.

#### SCIENCE.

##### SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE question brought before the French Academy and to which we lately referred, as to whether Pascal or Newton discovered the law regulating the attraction of the heavenly bodies, must we think be considered settled. The letters of Pascal to Boyle have all been laid before the Academy, and from an examination of them it seems to us that the credit of the discovery must be given to Pascal. The following letter from Pascal to Boyle decides the matter:—

"Ce 2 Septembre, 1652.  
"Monsieur,—Dans les mouvements célestes, la force agissant en raison directe des masses et en raison inverse du carré de la distance suffit à tout et fournit des raisons pour expliquer toutes ces grandes révolutions qui animent l'univers. Rien n'est si beau selon moy; mais quand il s'agit des phénomènes sublunaires, de ces effets que nous voyons de plus près et dont l'examen nous est plus facile, la vertu attractive est un Protée qui change souvent de forme. Les roches et les montagnes ne donnent aucun signe sensible d'attraction. C'est, dit-on, que ces petites attractions particulières sont comme absorbées par celles du globe terrestre, qui est infiniment plus grande; cependant on donne comme un effet de la vertu attractive la mousse qui flotte sur une tasse de café, et qui se porte avec une précipitation très-sensible vers les bords du vase. Est-ce là votre sentiment? Je suis, Monsieur, votre très-affectionné  
"À Monsieur Boyle."

"PASCAL."

At the National Banquet of Chemists at Paris, Baron Liebig, whose health was proposed by M. Balard, proposed the memory of Gay-Lussac and Thénard, and gave some pleasing reminiscences of his early connection with these great chemists. He said he should never forget the hours spent with Gay-Lussac. When they had finished a good analysis he (Gay-Lussac) used to say "Now you must have a dance with me, as I used to dance with M. Thénard when we had found something good," and then they danced and rejoiced over their discovery. While admiring this simplicity of nature, we are led to ask whether our English chemists are wont to follow Gay-Lussac's example.

Father Secchi has presented to the French Academy a drawing of the nebula of Orion, which was lately prepared at the Roman College, and which he proposes to publish on his return to Rome. Spectrum analysis of the nebula proves it, like its fellows, to be composed essentially of some gaseous compound.

M. Niclés has caused chlorine and manganese to unite in such proportions as to form a deuto-chloride of manganese. The new salt is, he finds, less stable than the corresponding haloid salts of this base.

A burning well has just been discovered at Narbonne, by workmen engaged in making borings for an artesian well. The water, which is charged with sulphate of magnesia, gives off in considerable volumes carburetted hydrogen gas, which burns with a reddish smoky flame, but without emitting a smell of either bitumen or sulphuretted hydrogen. The "sinking" for the spring was made on the left branch of the Aude, in a plain situated about two metres above the sea-level, and composed of alluvial mud. The alluvial mud extends to a depth of six metres, then follow tertiary limestones and marls, with the remains of marine shells. At the depth of 70 metres, the spring containing the inflammable gas was met with.

The accuracy of the method of water analysis recently proposed by Professor Wanklyn, and on which so much has been written of late in the chemical journals, is, we believe, about to be called in question.

The late Water Commission recommends the companies to supply London with water continuously. This suggestion is of great importance, and we hope to see it carried out. Much of the disease now epidemic in the poorer districts of London would be prevented by a constant water supply. There is, however, another reason, which a circumstance referred to in one of the Registrar-General's late reports supports fully, and that is the prevention of

the entrance of sewage into the water-pipes. If the water was always "on," it would be almost impossible, in the event of injury to the pipe, for sewage matter to enter it; but owing to the pipes being occasionally empty, sewage sometimes finds its way into them. An instance of this occurred quite recently in Portland-street. The water-pipe being damaged, the sewage matter entered it, and was found in the water in the proportion of more than one per cent.!

M. Kokscharow has just presented the French Academy with the first part of the fifth volume of his splendid work, "Materialien zur Mineralogie Russlands."

A new cement which promises to be an extremely useful industrial product has been invented by M. Sorel. It is an oxychloride of magnesium, and possesses a combination of valuable properties. It is the hardest and whitest of all cements. With it, casts of objects may be obtained having the hardness and general appearance of marble. It mixes readily with other substances, incorporating them as a mass harder than ordinary stone. Already it has been employed in the manufacture of billiard balls, for which its qualities seem admirably adapted.

Messrs. Medlock & Bailey have published a description of their process of preserving foods, and as the method they propose has been tested and found reliable, we give it to our readers. It consists in simply dipping the meat to be preserved in a solution of bisulphite of lime and common salt, and then allowing it to dry. We believe the plan is a successful one, but, if we mistake not, it was originally suggested by Dr. Scoffern in the pages of one of our medical contemporaries.

At the last meeting of the Aeronautical Society, Dr. William Smith, who stated that he had been recently experimenting with a view to determine the nature of the action of flight in birds, proposed a novel machine for aeronautical purposes. This apparatus consists of a body and wings, the latter being moved by the expansive force produced by exploding a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen. We look upon the proposal as one of the most ridiculous we have yet seen, and least in accordance with the conditions of flight. Does the Council of the Society examine the papers before they are read at the general meetings?

M. Sorel, who sometime since stated the density of ozone to be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times that of oxygen, now has given convincing proof of the accuracy of his opinion. By causing the two bodies to "diffuse," he has found that the velocities of transmission give the same value for the density of ozone as that already expressed, viz.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times that of oxygen.

Herr C. D. Braun states that the sulphate of aniline is a very delicate test for nitric acid. The sulphate is dissolved in sulphuric acid and placed in a watch-glass. A glass rod is now dipped in the suspected liquid, and with it the aniline solution is stirred round. If nitric acid is present, a red colour is produced.

A letter lately received states that the volcanic disturbances at Santorin have not yet ceased. The new lands which have been raised continue to extend towards the south, and are now within four or five metres of the north of Micra-Kamméni. Formerly the channel was twenty-one inches deep, but it is now not more than three. The island of Aphroessa remains stationary, but Vattia is now divided into two islands. Around the newly-formed lands the sea is of a yellowish-green colour, and has a temperature varying according to the locality, from  $25^{\circ}$  to  $75^{\circ}$  centigrade. M. Cigalla, who has studied the volcanic phenomena very carefully, thinks another great eruption will soon occur, and that a true volcanic crater will be formed at the top of the George island.

#### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

##### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE reduction of the Bank rate last week to 2 per cent. has had no perceptible effect on the money market. Discounts are still obtainable at  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $1\frac{5}{8}$ , or even  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , so that, as had been previously anticipated, the Bank have practically gained little or nothing by the change. Nevertheless, it was the only course warranted by sound policy. It may even be argued that the Bank would have done well to go down to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at once. In a business point of view there would have been a decided advantage, since the transactions at the Discount Office, instead of being comparatively few, would thereby have been sensibly increased. Besides, nothing is to be gained by vainly attempting to arrest the downward movement in the general money market. If capitalists are prepared to lend at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, it is of no possible consequence whether or not the Bank insist on charging 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . It is only in times of exceptional pressure, such as prevailed a year ago, that the Bank exercises any positive influence. Ten per cent. makes people more than usually timid. Everybody dreads the future, and locks up as much money as he can get to meet contingencies that will never happen. A decline to 8 per cent. releases half these hoarded funds, and a further reduction to 7 per cent. the remainder. But when money is at a low rate and readily employed, this influence vanishes altogether. Moreover there appears to be no check to the influx of the precious metals. The telegrams from New York this

week notify further large shipments in addition to those that have already come to hand. Notwithstanding that our rate of discount is now as low or lower than on any part of the Continent, the foreign exchanges remain steady, and if the bullion at the Bank does not increase as rapidly as might be expected, the cause is to be found in the temporary absorption of coin for harvest purposes. Directly these sums return, and it is only a question of a few weeks, there appears nothing to prevent a further considerable augmentation in the already unprecedentedly large stock of gold held by the Bank. Money will become even more a drug in the market than it is at present; and, incredible as it may seem, financiers are beginning to look forward to the period when loans and discounts will be granted at such infinitesimal prices as to yield barely a fraction of profit. It must be owned, however, that this is a somewhat extravagant assumption. Even the most timorous capitalists will get tired of receiving only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or even less, for the use of his funds, and will seek for better means of investment.

The perplexing question arises, where are these investments to be found? We may leave the funds, existing railway stocks, and similar securities out of the category since, as it has often been shown, a purchase and corresponding sale in these descriptions involve simply a transference of unused capital from one hand to another. What we have to look for are fresh channels of employment. Perhaps it may be thought trade will revive. This would be the best and surest means of getting out of the difficulty. Unfortunately, there appears no sign of such good fortune. In almost all parts of the world either financial difficulties or political troubles prevail. The latest illustration is the report of diplomatic differences between France and Prussia on the North Slesvig question, the effect of which all the pacific statements in the *Moniteur* fail to counteract. Another matter of paramount importance also is the state of the harvests. Later accounts from France confirm the previous estimate of the deficiency in that country, and of the actual famine in Algeria. Considering that since the late Mr. Cobden's treaty of commerce, France has been one of our best customers, this is a matter of serious concern. Whatever affects her purchasing power reacts equally upon ourselves. In this direction, therefore, we can hardly look for increased trade, but rather should prepare for a diminution. Germany is suffering from the inseparable evils of a period of political transition. Russia, outwardly strong, has at last reached that stage of monetary pressure that, in order to raise loans, special guarantees must be offered. It would be needless to go through the catalogue of the countries with which we carry on more or less business. In a material point of view, the United States seems to be by far the most prosperous; but even in this quarter political dissensions, and it is said increase of debt in a great degree neutralize the good. Looking therefore at all the circumstances of the day, commerce appears likely to languish, or at least not to rise to any extent above its present point.

But if a revival in trade cannot be anticipated, perhaps industrial enterprises may be accepted. There appears little chance of that result. Joint-stock companies are still looked upon with as little favour as a week ago and for many previous weeks. The public cannot be induced on any terms to take shares in a new company, however promising. The same ill-feeling extends to foreign loans. An announcement has appeared of a new Russian operation based on the sale of one of the Government railways, to be introduced simultaneously in London, Paris, and Amsterdam. The capital may be subscribed abroad but it certainly will not be obtained here. As for Portugal, Spain, Austria, or Italy, trying their chances on this market, the attempt is known to be hopeless. If, therefore, we cannot safely employ our money in trade, and we will not entertain a foreign loan, or a new joint-stock company, it becomes a matter of considerable interest how our accumulations are to be disposed of. It is to be hoped that they will be turned to internal improvements, such as the reclamation of waste land, especially in Ireland, and similar purposes.

A proposition which at first sight looks to be of little importance has been lately abandoned by the Government. It was intended to compel by law the affixing of a penny stamp upon all foreign and other coupons paid here. The inconvenience of this scheme could hardly have been known, or it would never have been suggested. Any one who has had to deal practically with these pieces of paper understand the great amount of additional work that would have thus been thrown upon bankers' clerks, and also the increased chance of dispute and loss. It may also be observed that foreign loans are subject to a special impost, and it is therefore manifestly unfair to tax them in this manner twice over.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.\*

(FIRST NOTICE.)

THIS book has been published opportunely. The late Prince Consort was a national favourite as husband of the Queen, and her withdrawal on his death, for a lengthened period, from what we believe to be the duties of the Crown, naturally excited some curiosity about the man whose loss was deplored with an intensity of grief unusual and even startling. Whether we regard the work as to an extent a concession to a plainly expressed curiosity, or as a simple testimonial on the part of her Majesty in a literary shape to the memory of her Royal Consort, it must in either case be accepted as a very extraordinary record. The British public is always pleased to hear Court news, and when it comes from the fountain-head, and includes the details of the domestic life of the palace, loyalty, and other feelings not quite so fine or so worthy as loyalty, invest the narrative with an interest which Thackeray alone could fittingly describe or typify. Besides, we have never ceased to hear of the Prince Consort since his death. His accomplishments, his virtues, and his sense were known well enough to us, and the manner in which he initiated certain industrial and ornamental reforms were fully appreciated by the country. However, his disposition was retiring and prudent. He chose to work and to live in the background—as much in the background as was consistent with his position. Of him it might be said, to paraphrase an accepted and pointed remark, that he was all the better for not being historical. He conceived that his functions were best discharged quietly and undemonstratively. He believed that he would be out of place in coming into the political world. England thoroughly endorsed the rule of conduct he laid down for himself. He set an example of private worth to his Court such as no Court ever before saw or knew. How he was beloved by the Queen, and how her affections were linked indissolubly to him will be read in this volume and in its successors. If we may venture, before proceeding, to give our readers a slight sketch of the contents of this book, to criticise the manner in which it is made, we might point out a certain superabundance of small particulars which detract from the dignity of the subject. No doubt the movements of a King or a Prince Consort, or a Queen, are supposed to be of an exceptional value and significance. But when things are reduced to print, it becomes dangerous to dwell at length upon points of inferior moment. It may be said, however, that those little touches give a pre-Raphaelite grace and truthfulness to the memoir. There is often an exquisite womanly care and tenderness in the notes with which the Queen supplements the story of her husband's life. In parts those notes are eminently pathetic, and appeal to wives and mothers in a homely manner, which must still more endear the lady who rules us to her subjects. The Throne is a long way from the people, but these natural expressions of affection and gratitude belong to all places and times. Just at this moment they are particularly instructive. We are living at a fast pace. There are virtues going out of fashion, and vices smuggled into toleration. There is a set made against mere family qualities, and people are being taught to be ashamed of the cares and weaknesses which surround maternity. We could easily drift into French laxity by carrying on our course, and we have already naturalized a good deal of French paganism. There is a superb rebuke given in this book to the unfeeling selfishness of luxury. No husband could be more solicitous towards a wife—solicitous in a leal, abiding, and thorough-hearted way, than the Prince Consort was to the Queen. This was not the least of his good qualities, and it was of all others that which would be best calculated to win favour with the bulk of the people of England.

Prince Albert was born at Rosenau, about four miles from Coburg. His mother, Princess Louise, is described as being a very handsome woman, fair, and rather *petite* in figure. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg-Saalfeld wrote to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, an account of the birth of the young Prince, in which she says that he looked "like a little squirrel, with a pair of large black eyes." In her letter the Duchess alludes to the Queen (born on the 24th of May preceding) as the *May Flower*. "It is a curious coincidence," remarks General Grey, "considering the future connection of the children, that Madame Siebold, the *accoucheuse* spoken of above as attending the Duchess of Coburg at the birth of the young Prince, had only three months before attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of the Princess." On the 19th of September the boy was christened at the Marble Hall, Rosenau, Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel. When eight months old his mother described him as "superbe—d'une beauté extraordinaire ; a de grande yeux bleus, une toute petite bouche, un joli nez, et des fossettes à chaque joue ; il est grand et vif, et toujours gai. Il a trois dents, et malgré qu'il n'a que huit mois, il commence déjà à marcher." He indeed appears to have been a healthy, handsome, and lively child. He was not unduly precocious, although more thoughtful and circumspect than the generality of boys. The diary, which he kept at an early age, displays an innocent and attractive sedateness. He possessed a great affection for his brother Ernest. To his teachers he was tractable and attentive. He was

fond of work, and took to his studies as to a pleasure. Here is a *naïve* extract from his child-diary :—

"23rd January.

" When I awoke this morning I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened that I cried. Half the day I remained in bed, and only got up at three o'clock in the afternoon. I did a little drawing, then I built a castle and arranged my arms ; after that I did my lessons, and made a little picture and painted it. Then I played with Noah's Ark, then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed."

Prince Albert and his brothers passed their early years in a robust, open-air, natural system. There was no forcing or coddling of the children, their education was steadily and carefully conducted, they were encouraged to run about and to rough it, to take long walks and plenty of exercise. In his ninth year Prince Albert went on a visit to his cousins, sons of Count Mensdorff, and in the following letter gave his father an account of Mayence, of which Mensdorff was governor :—

" Mayence, 1828.

" Dear Papa,—I cannot thank you half enough for letting us have the pleasure of coming to Mayence to see our cousin.

" Mayence was hardly in sight when our uncle and cousins met us on horseback. We were very much astonished when we saw the Rhine in the valley, with its bridge of boats ; but the water of the Maine and the Rhine are so different that you cannot mistake them. The Maine has red and the Rhine green water. . . . Yesterday we drove to Wiesbaden, and from Wiesbaden rode on donkeys to the Platte, which is two hours from Wiesbaden. The day before we were at Biberich. . . . Keep your love for your

" ALBERT."

From Count Arthur Mensdorff the Queen by request received a few notes of the early life of the Prince Consort. The Count's communication is written with much sensibility, and in a graphic style. He says the boy was of a mild, chivalrous, and benevolent nature. He refused to attack a play fortress except by a front advance, as any other mode would be "unbecoming in a Saxon knight." He was fond of natural history, was a good mimic, and "was distinguished for perfect moral purity, both in word and deed." In 1839 he told the Count he was going to England, and that, if the Queen and he liked each other, they were to be engaged.

The life of the young Prince at Rosenau was a dull and ordinary sort of existence. Prince Albert still kept his diary, by which it would seem that he and his companions were devoted to private theatricals. In August, 1831, the mother of the Princes died ; in the November following the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, their grandmother, a most affectionate and devoted woman, also died. A special memorandum from the Queen refers to the latter :—

" She had already, at a very early period, formed the ardent wish that a marriage should one day take place between her beloved grandchild Albert and the "Flower of May," as she loved to call the little Princess Victoria. How would her kind, loving, and benevolent heart have rejoiced, could she have lived to see the perfect consummation of her wishes in the happiness, too soon, alas ! to be cut short, that followed this auspicious union !"

In 1832 the Princes accompanied their father in a visit to their uncle Leopold of Belgium. They did not remain long in Brussels, but long enough, we are told, for Prince Albert to receive a primary notion of the views he afterwards adopted upon art and politics. He was not fourteen years of age, and exceedingly studious. He drew up a programme of work which would alarm a Civil Service competitor. From six o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon, and on two days in the week, for an additional hour he remained over his book, with the exception of the time he allotted for breakfast. In 1835 the princes set out on a tour, visiting Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Pesth, and Ofen, and returning towards the end of May. We are told that their manners were "nice," and that they made themselves everywhere beloved. Prince Albert employed a good deal of his time in essays, and his correspondence with his relatives was considerable. He went to England, and made his first appearance at the King's levee. The entertainments rather wearied him, especially as he had to contend against a disposition to sleep, to which he was all his life subject. After his visit to England, the idea of a marriage between the Prince and the Princess Victoria was commonly spoken of. Writing to his father from Bonn, a few days before the death of William IV., he says :—

" A few days ago I received a letter from Aunt Kent, enclosing one from our cousin. She told me I was to communicate its contents to you, so I send it on with a translation of the English. The day before yesterday I received a second and still kinder letter from my cousin, in which she thanks me for my good wishes on her birthday. You may easily imagine that both these letters gave me the greatest pleasure."

The Prince's letter to the Queen from the University is as nearly affectionate as the etiquette of Courts would permit in the relative positions of the cousins. The King of the Belgians was, however, averse to a match, and advised another course of travels for his nephews. The brothers accordingly during the vacation wandered through Switzerland and the north of Italy. "The Queen, alluding to this tour in 1864, relates that the Prince sent her a small book containing views of all the places. . . . From one of these, the top of the Rigi, he sent her a dried 'Rose des Alpes,' and from the other,

\* The Early Years of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled, under the direction of her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey. London : Smith, Elder, & Co.

Voltaire's house at Ferney, which he visited from Geneva, a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting, which he obtained from his old servant." The Queen, it is said, never goes anywhere now without these relics. Shortly after this the marriage was understood to be a settled event. The Queen, however, at the time considered herself too young, and "wished the Prince to be older." She afterwards, it is noted, regretted this notion, and wished that she had been married six months earlier. Prince Albert again travelled and wrote letters. He appears to have especially enjoyed himself in Florence. Mr. Seymour, afterwards General Seymour, accompanied him. In 1839 he went over to England, when the marriage was definitively arranged. The particulars of this portion of the volume we must reserve for a second notice.

#### HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.\*

(FIRST NOTICE.)

In these days of magazines, reviews, and periodical literature generally, great works have often small beginnings. Chance contributions to a monthly or quarterly series have excited in their author's mind an interest and a desire to push investigation further, which have eventually led to the production of most valuable books. The volumes before us afford an instance in point. Every one must remember the four little duodecimos, with their pithy entertaining pages, belonging to Mr. Knight's excellent "Weekly Volume Series," in which Mr. Lewes, more than twenty years ago, compressed a "Biographical History of Philosophy" from Thales to Comte. The new edition, which he put forth in 1857, showed that his mind was still at work on the subject, and after another decade of study and reflection, he has given us these two portly volumes, containing, we do not hesitate to say, the only complete history of philosophical speculation that exists in the country of Hobbes and Locke, Berkeley and Hume. We observe that the author has slightly altered the title by omitting "Biographical," though we are glad to find that he has retained the biographies; their literary merit, the general interest they impart to an occasionally dry subject, and the impression they convey of the noble and devoted spirit of many of the great thinkers, making the lives a scarcely less valuable portion of the work than the exposition of systems and opinions. Few historians of philosophy possess the literary power of Mr. Lewes; the clear transparent style, the hearty appreciation of intellectual and moral greatness, the power of seizing the striking features in men and their times, the independent individual point of view with which he handles his subject—all these not only place this work of Mr. Lewes above such treatises as those of Brucker and Ritter, but are calculated to attract minds little disposed by natural bent to study the course of speculative thought.

Our author has another great advantage; he is not committed to any metaphysical system. It strikes us as very tiresome to study a history of philosophy constructed, like Tennemann for example, with a particular bias, and couched in a phraseology characteristic of a single school, however eminent it may be. Mr. Lewes's mental attitude towards his subject is perhaps the most singular thing about his work. He writes a "History of Philosophy" to prove the impossibility of philosophy. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," is stamped, he thinks, on the two thousand years of metaphysical speculation that, roughly speaking, have passed from the birth of inquiry with Thales to the maturity of Positive science as represented by Comte. This might at first seem to be a drawback in the historian of philosophy; and if this had always been his opinion it would unquestionably have impaired the value of his general estimate of philosophy. But Mr. Lewes was a believer before he became a sceptic, as regards metaphysics. His former belief led him to the study of the great thinkers of classical, mediæval, and modern times; his devotion in the last twenty years to M. Comte and the Positive method has turned him from an admirer to a critic. This tendency, plain enough in the earliest of the three editions, is fully developed in the last. In this our author rings the knell of philosophy, and prepares himself to write in all the ardour of his new devotion and hope the "History of Science."

But though we believe that our author's peculiar point of view has enabled him to write a better, because an unshackled and an unbiased, "History of Philosophy," we are not at all inclined to concur with him in every point of his disparagement of philosophy as compared with science. We are no more disposed to see finality in M. Comte and his method than in that of Aristotle and Bacon; an improvement on theirs we do not deny it to be, but not excluding the possibility of an advance to be made beyond itself. Neither are we so sure as Mr. Lewes seems to be that Positivism is itself independent of a metaphysic of its own, or that it contains no conceptions which are not verifiable by reference to sensation and experience. It is true that the religious portion of M. Comte's system is disowned by Mr. Lewes; but the disbelief of a single disciple cannot alter the creed, in which, if we mistake not, are contained ideas quite as metaphysical in their nature as are to be found in Plato or Spinoza. Another favourite point of contrast with our author is the *circular* movement of philosophy as set against the *linear* progress of science; but will Mr. Lewes contend that there have been no reactions, no contradictions, no

blunders and corrections in the history of science, when we find one *savant* proclaiming the exactly opposite doctrines to another, while one or two recent discoveries, as they were thought to be, have been found existing in germ among conclusions or conjectures of Aristotle or Roger Bacon? To maintain, moreover, that there has been no progress in philosophy, no clearer conceptions of the points in question, no fuller statement of the great problems of God, nature, existence, and the like, no measure of certainty whatever arrived at (even supposing that no adequate solution has been attained), is, we believe, a paradox which our author's own pages most clearly and most eloquently, in spite of himself, refute. For our part we strongly suspect that metaphysicians do not contradict each other any more than *savants*, notwithstanding the greater difficulty in subject, method, and criteria, of the former. The tendency of modern science is more and more to circumscribe the limits of inquiry, and within those to be dictatorial and exact, without those to be silent or indifferent. But the chemist and geologist forget that humanity wants to know something beside "laws," and to feel something beside "sensations;" that there is a natural craving in man (which even Mr. Lewes allows, but on his own theory we do not see how he accounts for) to attain some truth on questions transcending experience, and that as long as this is felt, men will turn to philosophy for a reply in despair of any solution from a contemptuous or indifferent science. Until men and women come to believe in nothing but the visible and the tangible, philosophy will, we are convinced, always hold her ground, and contribute grains of truth on subjects which science is too proud or too narrow to touch.

We should recommend readers of the "History of Philosophy" to begin with the end. The chapter on Comte is necessary to explain the author's point of view as well as to console the reader over the downfall of theology and the hopeless imbecility of philosophy. We hope that he may rise from its perusal as sanguine and earnest about the future as the author seems to be. Anarchy and diversity of opinion are to disappear; uncertainty and doubt will vanish away; the Positive philosophy is to absorb all the seeds of truth that have lain scattered and unfruitful in other systems. In short, as our author begins his conclusion (vol. ii., p. 640):—

"Hitherto, the 'History of Philosophy' has been that of a long period of preparation. A new era dawns with the transformation of science into philosophy. Henceforward, history will record development, not revolution; convergence of effort, not conflict. Each science has had its period of preparation, during which knowledge was accumulated; but no presiding conceptions gave unity to researches, no fixed methods enabled all men to assist in building one temple. Then came the change; each science was constituted, separated from common knowledge, and the efforts of all labourers were convergent, the development was continuous. The constitution of the Positive philosophy closes the period of preparation and opens the period of evolution."

Our author has done well in not tracing back the history of inquiry beyond Thales and the Ionians. If India, Egypt, or China had any philosophical belief of their own, it is certain that we have no adequate data for their discovery, and it is more than probable that if we knew them, we should find such ideas so mixed up with their grotesque religion as not to deserve a separate chapter in a history of pure philosophy. Beginning with Thales, we may reckon three great periods in the development of human speculation—the classical, embracing the thousand years from the opening of Greek philosophy to the closing of the schools by Justinian; the mediæval, extending another thousand years from the sixth to the sixteenth century; and the modern, from Bacon and Descartes to our own day. Of these only the first and last had been treated in previous editions by Mr. Lewes; we are glad to see that in the present volumes he has recognised the importance of the mediæval, as a period of transition; while in the views and method of Roger Bacon, taken together with the physical studies of some of the Arabian philosophers, our author goes so far as to see the early dawn of Positive science. Histories of philosophy, as they are often written, are apt to be little more than the dry unconnected register of the opinions of the several schools and their leaders. On the contrary, Mr. Lewes is too well versed in the history of human thought, and is himself of too philosophical a temperament to treat of any system without assigning it its time and place in the wide field of speculation, and tracing it both in its origin and affinities with cognate systems of other times. Nothing can be more ingenious and yet (we believe) more true than the parallel he draws between the course of classical and modern speculation, not only in the kind of questions proposed, but in the nature, order, and tendency of the solutions offered. The same insurrection of inquiry against theology, the same alternation between extreme confidence and extreme distrust in the cognitive powers of man, the same undue inclination at one time to circumscribe, at another to extend the range of philosophy, and then the final surrender of reason to faith, with the consequent reabsorption of philosophy into theology are shown to have existed among the thinkers of Athens and Alexandria exactly as they have among those of Germany, England, and France. We have found time in this notice only to present to our readers some of the more general features of the "History of Philosophy," its main points of view, and leading outline; in another article we hope to show that its merit in details is of a far higher order than could be fairly awarded to the former editions of the same work.

\* The History of Philosophy. By George Henry Lewes. Third Edition. Two vols. London: Longmans.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN INDIA.\*

THE multiplication of pleasant books about India is a very good symptom of our literary and political state. It shows that we are more disposed than we have been to draw upon that great reserve of materials which our Indian history has accumulated for the service of our literature ; and it suggests that we have begun to appreciate the lively as well as profound interest of those political subjects which our relations with Hindostan present to all who are capable of reflection. Indian debates in the House of Commons have always been proverbially dull, yet no one ever gave half an hour's serious attention to one without feeling something like a sensible schoolboy who suddenly sees the beauty of one of Euclid's propositions, and "wonders how any body can think geometry stupid." Indian subjects are not dull if the hard and tough crust of unfamiliarity is once broken through ; and nothing is so likely to pierce it as the pens of writers who possess the happy knack of making a considerable depth of special knowledge so bright and translucent as to interest all readers. The author of "The Englishman in India" avoids altogether the mountebank tricks of "literary tumblers." He knows far better charms with which to rivet the general attention—the charms of large interest in his own profession and of an imaginative association of all the great deeds of the past with the stirring interest of the present. There is no profession so conducive to strong individuality as the Indian Civil Service. Its members rise by the ordinary exigencies of Indian government to positions of personal responsibility such as only in exceptional cases can be attained in this country, and such as not even the profession of diplomacy opens up to more than a very few of the highest in "the line." Even an average man, therefore, must imbibe in the performance of his daily duties in the Indian Civil Service ideas above the ordinary level ; but a thoughtful and fertile mind can hardly engage in those duties without acquiring at least the capability of instructing and informing his fellow-men on almost every subject connected with government. Traditions will of course in all cases weigh much, and even the most controversial of old Indians are prone to pay a deference to great names and great schemes which seems hardly consistent sometimes with the positiveness of certain of their opinions ; but the history of India affords precedents in every vein of policy ; and if an eminent Civil Servant evinces his enthusiasm for what is great and good, we must forgive him if he appears at times too tolerant to what is great and bad. It is undoubtedly true that in many points Mr. Raikes is indebted to the histories of Mr. Kaye and other distinguished authors, and perhaps he might have been more explicit in his acknowledgments of his indebtedness. But the "Englishman in India" does not come into any sort of competition with great Indian histories, and is not likely to be studied by persons who are familiar with them. There is a considerable class of intelligent, though not studious, people who are thankful to have good books popularized for them. Unworthy as the taste seems to the student, to gratify it is a very innocent proceeding, and Mr. Raikes does this with the advantage of personal local knowledge and experience. Readers will find, therefore, in this book many facts of which they will be pleased to be reminded, and they will be reminded of them by a very pleasant companion.

Lord Derby, in his late great speech in the House of Lords, referred with some *naïveté* to his own first appearance in Parliament, under the wing of a great Whig peer who had in some way obtained influence over a West Indian to whom the borough for which he was returned belonged. The Tory West Indian had the complaisance to take down young Mr. Stanley as the nominee of the great Whig peer, and to introduce him to the borough. This is a curious reminiscence of times when East and West Indians were great in the land. One of the best chapters in "The Englishman in India" is illustrative of those days. The eccentricities of the nabobs furnished, it is well known, for many years, the most racy incidents of English fiction and drama, and Mr. Raikes disinters from works well known, but in these days seldom referred to, illustrations of their peculiar habits. Here is one from the lips of an old Indian officer, speaking in the pages of Sir Henry Lawrence's "Adventures in the Punjab":—

"Major H. was an officer in the King's service, who served on the Madras presidency, some thirty or forty years ago. He became attached to a native lady, named Fyzoo; never, I believe, regarded her with anything but honourable views, and married her. She bore him three children (one of whom is now an officer in the army) and died, leaving the youngest an infant, who bore the mother's name. Major H. quitted India upon the death of his wife and brought her remains with him to England in a leaden coffin. Shortly after his arrival, the little Fyzoo likewise died, and her father had her remains in the same manner preserved."

"Every circumstance in Major H.'s story was peculiar, and took great hold of my imagination, when in my early youth I came from a remote country place to the part of Surrey where he had his residence. It was an old brick house, with pointed roofs, massive window frames, tall narrow doors, winding stairs, dark passages, and all other approved materials for a regular haunted house. A high brick wall with a dead gate surrounded the garden in which the house stood : all was in character—the straight turf walks, the clipped yews, the noble linden trees, and the look of neglect and wildness that pervaded everything. On ringing for admission the gate used to be opened by an old woman, whose appearance used to rouse all sorts of strange ideas in the mind of an urchin fresh from the country. She had been

\* The Englishman in India. By Charles Raikes, Esq., C.S.I., formerly Commissioner of Lahore, Judge of the Sudder Court, N.W. Provinces, and Civil Commissioner with Sir Colin Campbell. London : Longmans.

the nurse of little Fyzoo, and had in that capacity attended her charge to England. As such she was much valued by her master, and continued to live with him till his death. I well remember her shrivelled black face, her white hair, and emaciated form (with her Indian dress, that was in itself a curiosity to my young eyes), and her broken English. I believe Major H. was never seen outside the walls of his garden ; and he had so cut himself off from all his relations and friends, that it was not generally known that in that old house he kept enshrined the bodies of his wife and daughter. His two elder children, as they grew up, went to live with other relatives ; and his sole companion was an old widow lady, as eccentric as himself. In a room within his own a bed was laid out, covered with rich Indian silks, and fancifully decorated ; on that bed lay the mother and child, in their long last sleep ; and in this room Major H. passed the greater part of his time. This, I believe, is the simple narrative ; but of course much of mystery and exaggeration was added to the stories circulated of the three singular characters who inhabited the old house, and the supernatural beings who were suspected to reside with them.

"At length Major H. died, after about twenty years of this strange existence. His death was quite sudden ; and so many suspicions had been connected with his seclusion, that an inquest was held on his body. Thus the scenes that had so long been shrouded from the public ken were thrown open : when the officials came to examine the house the two coffins were brought to light, and this discovery of the remains of two human beings caused a further investigation.

"It was a strange scene : on a cold December day, that old house thrown open to all whom curiosity might lead there ; the bustling magistrates and their satellites peeping and peering into every cranny for a solution of the mysteries. The old lady, and the still older dhyee, fitting like ghosts about the desecrated shrine, their strange tale long disbelieved by the authorities, while there lay the unconscious cause of all this tumult : the hardly cold body of the old soldier, the long crumbled dust of his Eastern bride, and of their infant child. At length the coroner was obliged to receive the real story, however incredible it seemed ; and the three bodies were committed to one grave."

Roaming at large through the pages of this anecdotic book, got up, be it observed, merely for the entertainment of the readers of a periodical, and containing, as such works usually do, many errors of detail, the chief advantage the general reader can expect is to add to his frugal store of commonplaces one or two gleanings from an unfamiliar field. Here is another :—

"An elephant dealer, by name Buxoo, was travelling from Sylhet to Northern India with a string of elephants for sale. When he arrived at Hurdwar, where the Ganges flows down from the mountains into the plains of Hindostan, it was the time of the great *mela*, or annual fair, when the Hindoos come in myriads to bathe in their sacred stream. This is the time when elephant-merchants from the south, horse-dealers from Cabool, Cutch, and Katywar, the sellers of camels from Central India, and bullock-drivers from Hissar and Delhi, bring their animals for sale.

Buxoo soon found customers for five out of six of his animals. The sixth, for some reasons best known to Buxoo and to others skilled in elephants remained unsold. The last and greatest day of the fair came, and our merchant was in a state of the utmost anxiety lest he should have this one elephant left upon his hands. At the moment when the fair became busy, up walked a villager, who began a close investigation of the elephant. Buxoo became more than ever uneasy.

"'Soono Bhai,' said he ; that is, 'Listen, my brother.' 'I can see you are a judge of elephants. Now, say nothing to hinder the sale of mine ; I mean to ask only 500 rupees, and you shall have fifty for yourself.'

"The villager assented. Presently a purchaser was found, and the fifty rupees honestly paid over to this 'judge of elephants.' As he was quietly putting the fifty rupees into the folds of his *cummerbund* (or waist-cloth), Buxoo put the following question :

"'Tell me, friend, by what art you found out that there was anything amiss with my elephant ? I thought I had got him up well for sale.'

"'Sir,' said the judge of elephants, putting a finishing hitch to the knot which held his rupees, 'to tell you the truth, this was the first elephant I ever saw, and I was trying to find out which was his head and which was his tail !'

This story Mr. Raikes became acquainted with in manuscript, and he translates it from the idiom of a district in which he was magistrate. He uses it to illustrate his difficulty in dealing with the great names which, in the outset of the nineteenth century, are crowded into the roll of Indian worthies. Persons not very familiar with Indian subjects will find a similar difficulty in understanding which is the head and which is the tail of Anglo-Indian public morality. Its uncertainty is strikingly exhibited in the pages of this book. For example, throughout them we observe a most creditable regard for native feelings and interests, and we find Sir Thomas Munro advanced as the most remarkable example of this admirable quality. Mr. Raikes says :—

"The same imaginative spirit, which enabled him to enjoy the outward scene, gave a charm to the inner human life around him. Here, to do justice to Munro, I must quote his own words, addressed to his sister Erskine, and describing the 'romantic hills about Vellore.'

"All around you is classic ground in the history of this country ; for almost every spot has been the residence of some powerful family, now reduced to misery by frequent revolutions, or the scene of some important action in former wars.

"Not with more veneration should I visit the field of Marathon, or the Capitol of the ancient Romans, than I tread on this hallowed ground ; for, in sitting under a tree, and while listening to the disastrous tale of some noble Moorman, who relates to you the ruin of his fortune and his family—to contemplate by what strange vicissitudes

you and he, who are both originally from the north of Asia, after a separation of so many ages, coming from the most opposite quarters, again meet in Hindostan, to contend with each other—*this to me is wonderfully solemn and affecting.*

"In that short extract is the key to Munro's public life. Instead of considering the decayed Mahomedan families as 'disagreeable niggers, he looked upon them as 'noble Moormen'; instead of voting everything a bore, which had no direct relation to dogs, tiffin, or cards, he took a real, hearty, and sympathizing interest in the human nature around him."

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"The English ear connects nothing of a pleasing nature with the words 'Revenue Department,' which ring somewhat harshly, and call up visions of tax-papers, gaugers, and the like. But, in India, revenue means chiefly land revenue; and the duties of a collector of land revenue are like those of a great landed proprietor or his agent in England.

"It is not only to collect rents, but to see that rents are fair and equal; to defend the poor man from the middle man, and to do justice to all: this is the *métier* of the English collector of revenue in India; and in a fairly assessed territory, a very pleasant *métier* it is. So, at least thought Munro, who threw his whole soul into his work, and passed in Baramahal the happiest years of his life. Amongst peasant proprietors, settling their disputes, adjusting their payments, and, to the best of his power, improving their condition—moving his camp for every day during a great part of the year—time, so spent, flew cheerfully past."

All this is doubtless true, but it is also true though Mr. Raikes says nothing of it, that no man is more thoroughly identified, or, according to the extreme opponents of the lately upset Mysore policy, more dishonourably connected with the nefarious transaction out of which the Mysore difficulty originally sprang than this very Sir Thomas Munro. And many similar cases there are to prove that he who would arrive at a sound judgment upon Indian policy must separate in his mind the individual character and bias of the statesmen, who have to be judged from the intrinsic merits of the policy which they adopted. It is easy enough to judge of the old Company's heroes. In the Clive days, and long after, while a dominion was being reared upon a foundation of petty trade there were few scruples, and humanity was almost altogether lost sight of. Upon such times we of this day can only look back with disgust and horror. Moral problems do not begin till we get to later days, when conquests had to be made under lofty pretences of virtue and morality, and when those who most effectively advanced our rule seemed, strangely enough, most tender of the rights we were disturbing. These days are well illustrated by some criticisms which Mr. Raikes passes upon the Indian career of the Duke of Wellington. "He showed," says Mr. Raikes, "great, nay, in some cases, an extreme tenderness to the feelings of conquered chiefs":—

"For example: On the palace walls of Seringapatam a set of pictures were found, describing the various scenes in the defeat of Colonel Bailey by the Mysoreans. Colonel Wellesley actually had these paintings repaired at his own expense! Again I find the same extreme, and in my opinion exaggerated, respect for the feelings of the vanquished in the following transaction, in which Colonel Wellesley's own words are given, as used in his dispatch to Colonel Doveton, 24th December, 1799. 'Within these few days I have received an application from a very respectable man (Père Dabois), to have returned to their husbands the wives of about two hundred Christians and other unmarried Christian women, whom Tippoo had carried off from their husbands and friends, when he visited the Malabar coast and Canara, and who were placed, and are now supposed to be in his Zenanuh. I have refused to comply with this request, although the refusal is unjust; because the Company having taken this family under its protection, it is not proper that anything should be done which can disgrace it in the eyes of the Indian world, or which can in the most remote degree cast a shade upon the dead, or violate the feelings of those who are alive.' Again, on the 19th January, 1800. 'It is not intended that these women should ever quit the Zenanuh.' (See 'Supplementary Dispatches of Duke of Wellington,' vol. i., pp. 420, 440.)"

It is no wonder that disguises of this sort were but awkwardly maintained even when they sprang from genuine justness of mind, and undoubtedly all the later annexations by which our Indian rule has been enriched have been bare enough of pretence that native feelings were being conciliated. It does not follow that those who designed and executed them were men wanting in integrity or just impulses. They simply entertained an undue contempt for native rule. They slighted the prejudices—the foolish but indomitable prejudices of natives in its favour. And perhaps it may be truly said in their excuse that they would have been more respectful to native semblances of justice if they had not been profoundly conscious of the substantial justice of their own instincts, and absolutely confident that under all circumstances Hindoos ruled by them instead of by their natural lords would make a good exchange. Right or wrong, these doctrines are now generally out of fashion. Lord Halifax was their last representative in any degree in British councils, and his Mysore policy, so decisively pushed aside by Lord Cranborne and Sir Stafford Northcote, has sustained the crowning indignity of being defended in the House of Commons by Mr. Stansfeld on grounds that can only support a diametrically opposite course of action. Still, the traditions of which Lord Halifax was a faithful and freely-flowing reservoir animate the more powerfully, because vaguely, the Civil Service, whose general tone of feeling is so accurately rendered by this

rough and ready book. Our inclination is to welcome the publication of books of this kind, if only because they popularly reveal problems which should be solved, and because they encourage us to hope that the occasional appearance of a really fresh mind at the head of the India Office may soon shake traditions which are neither definite enough to be a system, nor free enough to leave sound and humane statesmanship in possession of a field which nothing else can fructify.

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

WE are almost always ready to welcome translations of novels written in unfamiliar tongues, for, even if they do not possess any great intrinsic merit, they afford us the means of obtaining an insight into much that would otherwise remain hidden from the eyes of all but a few amongst us. And therefore we are inclined to give a favourable reception to the story of "Waldemar Krone's Youth," valuing it for the sake of the pictures it offers of Danish people and Danish manners, although it cannot boast of any great amount of artistic excellence. Its plot is by no means striking, its principal characters are somewhat uninteresting, and its humour is not a little tedious; but it contains a number of pleasant sketches of Danish men and women, and a few characteristic Danish landscapes, on which the eye gladly lingers. There is a charming air of contentment and tranquillity about these northern scenes, especially when the foreground is occupied by a quiet parsonage embosomed among ancient trees, behind which are seen the blue waters of the calm fiord, dotted by distant white sails. To such houses Scandinavian fiction is very partial, but in the present case it is not to the pastor's abode that we are introduced, but to that of the village postmaster. Captain Stainforth, who presides over the post-office of Stromby, a little town in Zealand, is an official of the most honest and genial nature, and the father of two charming girls, named Ida and Frederica. The former is sixteen years old, the latter only fourteen, for it may be remarked that the heroines of Scandinavian romance are generally of very tender years. There is something very attractive in the picture of their frank and natural demeanour, and the description of the poetic charm which they throw about their father's otherwise prosaic residence. This charm is felt by all who visit the house, but by none so much as by Waldemar Krone, who had boarded in olden times with the Stainforth family, and had been regarded almost as a member of it, and by his friend and fellow-sudent, Jacob Frank. At the commencement of the story the young men are spending their Christmas holidays with the Stainforths, and they naturally fall in love with Ida, and she with Waldemar, who is handsome and brilliant and well connected. But when he returns to Copenhagen, and enters upon the tide of fashionable dissipation which distinguishes the capital, he forgets the dream of his early days, and becomes desperately enamoured of the beautiful but capricious Countess Fransiska Gyldenholdt. That lady is heiress to a rich property in Jutland, and Waldemar goes there and passes some time in the ancestral castle of the Gyldenholds, thus giving our author an opportunity of painting several pictures of Jutland scenery, with its breezy heaths and wave-beaten shores. After a somewhat prolonged period of adoration, Waldemar is accepted by the Countess, especially as he has just been appointed Master of the Hounds at Court, and he is at once elevated into the seventh heaven of happiness, while poor Ida silently mourns over his fickleness. But after a time there appears upon the scene a French marquis of irresistible attractions, with whom the Countess, when she was sixteen, had fallen desperately in love, and whom she had continued to love even after he had married another woman. Freed from the shackles of matrimony by the death of his first wife, he suddenly descends upon the castle of Gyldenholdt and claims Fransiska as his second bride. She consents, throwing over poor Waldemar, but offering to pay any expenses he may have incurred in the prosecution of his suit—an offer of which he does not take advantage. As the Frenchman is a scamp, her marriage naturally turns out ill, and before long Waldemar is able to pity her profoundly, but at first he is very angry with her, and he shuts himself up in his country home, brooding there in solitude over his wrongs. At last, however, his thoughts find their way back to the love of his early years, and it suddenly occurs to him that Ida may make him happy yet. Of course she is delighted to do so, and a marriage takes place which leads to the most desirable results. His friend Frank naturally marries her sister Frederica, and the story ends amid universal rejoicing. The tone of the book is everything that could be desired, and it is tolerably readable, though somewhat insipid. Its weakest point is its facetiousness. From what we have seen of Scandinavian humour, we are inclined to think that a very small joke may create a great success in the north of Europe.

The story of "Hidden Fire" is written in so excellent a spirit that we are more inclined to recognise the merits which it has, than to enlarge upon the absence of those qualifications which it has not. It is told in simple and unpretending language, and the character of its heroine is of so attractive a nature, and is so pleasantly described, that it cannot fail to make a favourable impression on the minds of its readers. There is not much strength about it, nor do any of its pages reveal much artistic power, or anything like dramatic genius; but it is quite as well qualified to meet with

\* The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth. By H. F. Ewald. Two vols. London: Edmonston & Douglas.

Hidden Fire. Three vols. London: Tinsley.

approbation, as many of the works of fiction which, for some mysterious reason or other, best known to the consciences of reviewers, we have recently seen bending under the weight of influential but eccentric eulogium. It is said that malefactors often remain unaware of the heinousness of their crimes until it is suddenly revealed to them by the eloquence of the counsel employed to prosecute them. We are inclined to think that the authors of several of our recent novels must have had but a faint glimmering of the splendour of their own genius until they were suddenly made aware of its brilliancy by the discriminating criticism of some of their reviewers. The heroine of "Hidden Fire," Mary Price, is one of the two daughters of the manager of a Welsh colliery. Her father lives in a pleasant little cottage covered with clustering roses and climbing jessamine, situated in one of the few pretty nooks in a district of which the originally picturesque appearance has been tormented by industry into ugliness—a region full of hills of refuse from the mines, traversed in all directions by black tram-roads, and shrouded by the dense smoke sent up in murky columns from the coke-yards. There she is brought up under her parents' kindly care, leading a quiet home life, and enjoying to the full the simple pleasures afforded by her country abode. Meanwhile her sister Jane is educated in the more luxurious house of one of her relations, and eventually develops tastes and inclinations little in accordance with her father's means and station in life. Mary has two lovers, George Herbert, the son of a wealthy mine owner, and Richard Morris, one of the neighbouring proprietors. The former is good and amiable as well as possessed of excellent prospects, but the latter pleases Mary the best, in spite of a certain impulsiveness and indecision of character which set Mr. Price strongly against him. So Mr. Herbert fails in his suit, but soon after marries an heiress, and is consoled. But before the wedding takes place Morris becomes needlessly jealous of him, and seeks to distract his feelings by flinging himself into the midst of a Chartist agitation. As he rides home one evening from a secret meeting, he is brought into collision with an inebriated policeman, and is unfortunate enough to kill him. Thenceforward he is haunted by the consciousness of his crime, and partly from remorse, and partly from the despair into which he is plunged by the false news that Mary is to marry his rival, he is induced to leave England and take refuge in America. Before he returns, Mr. Price is drowned by the bursting of a reservoir, and his family is left so ill provided for that Mary Price takes a small shop at Aber, and sets up as a groceress. Such a proceeding is not a little strange, inasmuch as her more worldly sister Jane has married a peer, Lord Meldrum—Lord Henry Meldrum, we regret to say, he is styled in the first volume, although he is a member of the Upper House—and may therefore be supposed to have no slight objection to be so closely connected with the shop-keeping interest. When Morris returns to his native land, after being shipwrecked on the way, he sees Mr. Herbert and his little boy walking with Mary, and he at once jumps to the conclusion that it is her husband and her child that she is accompanying. Stung to frenzy by the picture of supposed conubial bliss which he is called upon to regard, he spurns aside all the prudent plans he has lately been framing, and once more flings himself heart and soul into the Chartist movement, from which he had wisely determined to hold aloof. A Mr. Ford, an amiable philanthropist who gets people into trouble while trying to render them a service, and unconsciously urges on the masses to excesses, the perpetration of which he bitterly regrets, encourages him in his career of agitation, and he becomes a leading orator and an influential delegate. After a series of secret meetings and underhand attempts at sedition, the Chartists make an open attack upon a town by daylight, and Richard Morris occupies a leading position in their ranks. The ill-starred enterprise comes to an untimely end, for the mob disperses as soon as it is encountered by the military, and Richard Morris meets with a mortal wound in the brief struggle which puts an end to the dream of his enthusiasm. Some of his friends carry him away to a place of temporary security, and there Mary Price finds him, and does all she can to make his last hours peaceful. This part of the story is told with much pathos and some power. Mary's character is an attractive one throughout, and in these final scenes her courage and fidelity are brought out with a clearness which place it in the most favourable of lights. There is no chance of saving her lover's life, but she is able to watch and tend him to the last with all a loving woman's tender care, and he, although he feels that his days are numbered, is conscious of having at last recovered the happiness which had so long been a stranger to him. In a very short time Mary is enabled to clear up the mistake into which he had fallen regarding what he had imagined was her marriage, and he soon learns that she has never swerved from her love to him. So, as his life passes away, there return to him, fraught with happiness, those memories of the past which for so long a time have been the bearers of bitter pain and angry disappointment. Meanwhile a vindictive man, who owes him a grudge, has been tracking out his hiding-place, and at last brings to the room where he lies dying, the terrors of the law. But they arrive too late, for when the officers of justice enter the sick chamber they find Morris lying there dead. So ends a story which, as we have already observed, is not deficient in merit of an unobtrusive kind. The pictures it contains do not testify to any very great skill in design, nor is their colouring remarkable for richness or splendour, but at all events there is nothing about them to offend a spectator's taste, while they may often serve to please an eye that is weary of gazing on the distorted forms and the unnatural faces with which some artists in fiction make their canvas horrible.

## THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.\*

MR. MAYNARD has written a book for which he is pretty certain to secure a large audience—at least, that is, as soon as its title has been explained and its contents indicated. Of the word "Impresario" Mr. Maynard confesses not to realize the meaning. He claims for it a good many special attributes; but we should like to know whether it is possible to be an Impresario without possessing all the peculiarities which Mr. Maynard attributes to the character? According to Mr. Maynard, an Impresario must possess a thorough knowledge of his business, together with a profound experience in painting; he must have a correct taste both in music and the drama; an accurate appreciation of the powers of those—whether actors, musicians, or dancers—who are engaged in the performances. He must be acquainted with the value of silks, satins, and the remaining components of the green-room wardrobes. In short, he must be a master of that of which few of us know half; and in addition to this, he has to endure an existence of anxiety, worry, and care, for which we fancy no success could compensate, and which would need a strong incitement to induce any man to submit to. Mr. Maynard's definition, however, is quite near enough to answer all purposes. The book is written in a colloquial, familiar, and easy style. After several chapters devoted to subjects more or less connected with music, Mr. Maynard regularly commences the narrative of what we presume to be a professional journey which he took in company with some musicians and vocalists whose names have long since become familiar. This narrative is interlarded with innumerable anecdotes more or less good, some of which are new and some of which are old. But, old or new, they are nearly all worth the telling or retelling. They relate, of course, to the most celebrated singers and composers, both of the present and past. The Impresario of the party relates, for instance, the following account of a musical levee held by Rossini:—

"Rossini," he says, "lives, as you all know, on the Boulevards, at the corner of the Rue de la Chausée d'Autin. The hour of reception was nine o'clock as usual—the amusement of the evening, music: no tea, no coffee, no ices were allowed; the entertainment was purely intellectual, practically musical. . . . As I entered the first room and tried to make my way through the crowd which blocked up the entrance to the music-hall, peering over the shoulders of the visitors I saw Rossini seated at the pianoforte, accompanying the sisters Marchisio in a duet he had composed for his two *protégées*. . . . In a brown shooting-jacket of the loosest fit imaginable, the sleeves almost covering the tips of the fingers, a very bad wig, nearly of the same colour as the coat, the figure at the pianoforte might at first sight have been taken for that of an old country gentleman retired from public life. But wait awhile! the duet has but fresh begun. Let the accompanist warm up. His indolence leaves him: he sits erect, and becomes excited. See how the loose sleeves flap about; look at the drops of perspiration on his forehead; observe the fire and brilliancy of his eye, as he turns to each of the singers, urging them to a greater effort in some crescendo passage or cadenza! Yes—there's genius in that figure at the pianoforte, now no longer bucolic in its appearance, but easily identified as the inspired Rossini. The duet finished amid the most enthusiastic applause of the assembled guests—applause heartier and louder than is usual at an evening party. 'Bravo Maestro! Bravo da vero!'"

It was at this assembly that the Impresario saw seated next to Rossini an elderly lady, of a slight figure and features, somewhat wrinkled. He heard her familiarly addressed as Marietta. He is surprised at the universal attention she receives and inquires who she is. "That is Madame Taglioni," is the reply. "Not the Taglioni—the celebrated Sylphide?" "Yes, the same." We can fully sympathize with the Impresario's surprise. It is certainly hard to reconcile the past, that presents you with the spectacle of a young lady on one leg habited in the most airy of garments, with the present, that discovers to you the same lady in a *robe montante*, a wrinkled face, a sedately vivacious manner. Before retiring, the Impresario was shown by Rossini the two caricature statuettes of himself and Meyerbeer, by Dantan, in which Rossini is portrayed clasping a lyre whilst seated in a dish of maccaroni, and Meyerbeer diligently employed in writing some half-dozen operas off at once. This joke, we believe, is a source of chronic enjoyment to Rossini. There are some capital strokes of humour in this book, and some sound critical remarks upon the subject of music. Mr. Maynard, however, seems to lay too much stress upon the excellence of English music. He seems to fall into the exceedingly vulgar error that, had English compositions and English vocalists but the recommendation of foreign names, they would be considerably more esteemed. Now this is as false as most vulgar errors usually are. In the first instance there are few people more immediate in their recognition of musical genius than the English. There is very little critical ability amongst them, but there is plenty of musical sympathy. If we are not so enthusiastic about the merits of our home-bred composers as Mr. Maynard would have us to be, whose fault is it—the home-bred composers' or ours? We adore the great musicians of other countries, and this proves us capable of adoring the great musicians of our own, providing they are worth our adoration. But are they? It is nonsense to say that if Mr. Balfe were Signor Balfo, or Mr. Hatton Signor Hattoni, we should think a whit more of those gentlemen's abilities. In spite of the very British name of Mr. Sims Reeves, that gentleman has won for himself a reputation in

\* The Enterprising Impresario. By Walter Maynard. London: Bradbury & Evans.

this country which few foreigners have equalled. Other ladies and gentlemen have come forward—Smiths in private life and Snivellis on the stage—who, in spite of their assumed Italian patronymics, have contrived somehow or other to make themselves forgotten. All this proves that we English can recognise merit, whether it carries a name Italianized or not, and proves, too, that a bad singer cannot make us think him a good one by adding an *o* or an *i* to his name any more than can a bad composer. Our musical strength lies in our song-writers. We are essentially a song-loving nation. Unlike the Germans, we do not care to subtilize obvious music. Unlike the French, we do not care to colour simple melody. Unlike the Italians, we do not care to melodramatize the commonplace. It is for this reason that we cannot write operas; it is for this reason that we can write songs. If we want to know what is the musical muscle of our country, we must begin with the compositions of Arne and go steadily down to our own time.

Chapter XXIII. of Mr. Maynard's book is devoted to an exceedingly interesting sketch of Mario's life. The great tenor himself tells his story. "Would it be," asks the Impresario, "an indiscreet question to ask what is the average income of a *primo tenore*, according to your experience?" "Taking one year with another," replies Mario, "I should say I have made about £10,000 a year since the Aquado engagement. London," he continues, calculating, "£3,500, concerts, £1,500, *tournée*, 2,000; then the winter engagement in Paris or Russia, £4,000; yes, about £10,000 a year." A most amusing, though perhaps hardly a characteristic anecdote, is recorded of Lablache. It appears that on the termination of a rehearsal at Her Majesty's Theatre, a cab was ordered to be brought him. Lablache was a man of prodigious bulk. When the cabman saw him he turned pale, and protested that he would never be able to get into his vehicle. The door was opened, and Lablache attempted to enter.

"Sideways, frontways, headways, backways, the prize basso tried to affect an entry, but in vain. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "It's no go!" cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab." One more effort—a long pull—a strong push—a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties had not yet come to an end. Wishing to change his position—he had inadvertently sat down with his back to the horse—he rose, the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle that had been going on, when the boards gave way, and his feet and legs were seen standing in the road! The drivers swore—Lablache grinned—the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime was ever more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache sustained no injury."

This is one of the many humorous anecdotes that enliven "The Enterprising Impresario." The book is the more interesting because it mainly relates to living characters. There are one or two things in it a little superfluous—such, for instance, as the thirteenth chapter, which, treating as it does of superstitions, has as much business where it is, as a chapter on noses would have, introduced in a book on astronomy. But these are blemishes that will very little affect the pleasure that our readers are likely to procure from a perusal of Mr. Maynard's work.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

SOME fragments on the reign of Elizabeth, from the posthumous papers of Mr. Buckle, portions of which have already appeared in *Fraser*, are continued in the present number. This division is devoted to the Clergy, and a very singular account is given of the gross ignorance and still grosser licentiousness of our Protestant ministers in the sixteenth century. In the opinion of Mr. Buckle, the effects of the Reformation have, on the whole, been beneficial to mankind; but both the good effects and the bad effects of that movement have been exaggerated—the one by Catholic, the other by Protestant, writers. "The truth is," he proceeds, "that the Reformation, until it had been curbed and modified by the strong hand of the temporal power, effected little for any part of Europe. One great merit indeed it had: it roused the European mind. It taught man to know his own power. But how that power was to be employed—whether it was to be used in accelerating the march of the human species, or in building up another spiritual tyranny in the place of that which it had overthrown—these were questions to which there was nothing in the general aspect of Europe early in the sixteenth century, or in the spirit of the first Reformers, which could have enabled an observer of that time to give a satisfactory answer." After further chapters of "The Marstons," we have an essay by Mr. Francis W. Newman on "Marriage Laws." Mr. Newman sees in the tendency to what is called "free love" in the United States—a tendency which is every year inducing more and more young couples to live together without any legal sanction whatever, and to assert their right to separate whenever they please—a protest against the tyranny of the existing laws of marriage, as they affect both parties, but more especially the woman. He would put an end to "free love" by purging the marriage laws of the injustice which in many respects characterizes them, by securing to married women full possession of their property, by making the essential part of marriage secular (to which the devout could add a religious ceremonial, if they pleased), and by facilitating the means of divorce whenever legitimate occasion exists. The article is a very remarkable one, and is sure to attract attention. In the paper called "A Spanish and a Danish Novel," we find an appreciative account

of the "Gaviota" of Fernan Caballero and of "Noddèbo Parsonage." The series of treatises on "Military Reform" is brought to a close, and in the following essay a high testimony is paid to the excellence of the Rev. Mr. Cox's "Manual of Mythology." We have then a political article on "The Church and Land Question in Ireland," which consists of a most lucid and convincing exposition of the flagrant injustice of demanding from a people, five-sixths of whom are Romanists, the support of a Protestant Church and hierarchy which are to them nothing more than the symbols of an alien tyranny. The writer would abolish this grievance by adopting the ideas of Lord Russell as to endowing the Catholic Church in Ireland; and with regard to the land system he would introduce reforms calculated to insure to the tenant a fair interest in the results of his labours. A few pretty verses on "Summer," by Mrs. H. Miller Davidson, serve to lighten the more weighty contents of the Magazine, and lead up to some "Notes in South Germany in the Autumn of 1866," which bear the signature of "G. M." and in which we think we detect the picturesque eccentricities of the style of Mr. George Meredith. The number concludes with a very interesting article on Mexican affairs, from the first intervention of France down to the collapse of that mushroom Empire, exhibiting the cruelty and bad faith which have throughout characterized an utterly unjustifiable and most unwise project.

Besides the two novels of "Old Sir Douglas" and "Silcote of Silcotes," Macmillan contains an article on "The Prophet of Culture," by Mr. Henry Sidgwick, who sharply attacks the oddities and affectations of Mr. Matthew Arnold; a paper on "Stevens's Essay on Some of the Characteristics of Reynolds as a Painter," by Mr. Francis Douce; more of Lady Duff-Gordon's pleasant Egyptian gossip, under the title of "Life at Thebes;" an essay on "The Old Bardic Poetry," by William Barnes, B.D., in which we find some curious translated specimens of ancient Celtic minstrelsy; some remarks on "Men whom the World has Loved;" which are suggestive and well felt, but which ought to have been longer; and, finally, a wild shriek from Mr. Carlyle (the article is not signed, but no one else could have produced it), entitled "Shooting Niagara: and After?" All who yet retain any respect for the genius of Mr. Carlyle have been greatly pained of late by his blatant advocacy of the worst forms of tyranny, his noisy mouthings and mumblings, his dismal incoherence, his idle harping on favourite words (which he seems to think do duty for ideas), and the intolerable affectation of his style. If he has anything to say which concerns us to hear, in God's name let him say it in plain English, so that we may understand what he means; but a feeble chattering of spiteful and not very intelligible Jeremiads is respectful neither to his readers nor to his own fame.

At a time when people are rushing out of town as fast as rail and steamers can carry them, the article upon knapsack travelling in Spain, with which the present number of the *Cornhill* opens, cannot but be regarded as a most seasonable production. The author dispels many of the notions which exist as to the unsuitableness of Spain for the pedestrian. He points out that, although the traveller who attempted an expedition on foot through the Estremadura or the Castiles would pay for his folly by sunstroke or brain-fever, there is no want of good walking-ground in the N.W. or S. of the country, quite free from this risk, practicable and eminently enjoyable to any one who does not mind roughing it. In the beaten tracks, he represents Spain as being remarkably like the rest of Europe, with the diligence almost obsolete, and the rail reaching most places of any importance. In every town that has a place in the regular Spanish tour, hotels quite as civilized as those of France, Italy, or Germany, will be found, and the Spanish posada of remote districts is, after all, by no means far behind the provincial inns and hotels of any other country. The article upon breech-loading rifles is one entitled to careful perusal, not only from the importance of the subject, but for the marked ability and thorough acquaintance with his subject which the writer displays. The first portion of the article is devoted to a *résumé* of the results of the adoption of the Snider system of conversion. We learn that, in the space of less than a year which has elapsed since the system has been put into use, 200,000 Enfield rifles have been converted and 30,000,000 rounds of ammunition have been manufactured. Notwithstanding the dangers likely to attend upon the use of a novel and somewhat intricate instrument, issued, in many instances, to men quite uninstructed in the mode of employing it, not a single accident of any consequence has been recorded. The endurance of the rifle, too, has been such as to meet the most sanguine expectations, arms being in existence which have fired as many as thirty thousand rounds, and remain, to all appearance, as good as when they were first issued. The writer then directs his attention to those rifles which have competed for the prizes of £1,000 and £600 offered by the War Office in their advertisement of October 22nd, 1866, and in the selection of which the committee, composed of Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher, Earl Spencer, Captain Rawlins, Captain Mackinnon, and the well-known shot, Mr. Edward Ross, commenced their labours in April last. We learn that 112 arms were submitted to the consideration of the committee, but some of them were quite unworthy of attention. Of the seventy-four rejected, one was of so shaky a character that its inventor would only venture to fire one shot from it. The breech of another exploded in its owner's face; and a third, in the hands of a certificated marksman, failed at five hundred yards to hit a target of twenty-four feet square even once in eight shots. Although the committee have not concluded their labours they have selected nine arms which possess considerable interest for us, seeing that one of them may possibly be the future breech-loader of the British soldier. These rifles consist of the Albion and Bændlin, Burton (two systems), Fosberry, Henry, Joslyn, Peabody, Martin, and Remington; and the peculiar features of each are described by the *Cornhill* writer with a clearness which will enable the general reader to form a fair opinion upon the merits of all. Although the importance of the subject of the last article is one which calls for more than an ordinary share of our attention, the other papers in the Magazine are possessed of more or less interest. That bearing the title "Chancery Funds" is a fairly-written description of the rise and present position of the office of the accountant-general to the Court of Chancery, an official whose

existence dates from the South-Sea mania of the last century, in which the Masters of the Court, formerly the custodians of the suitors' money, managed to lose a great portion of the funds that had been intrusted to them—a circumstance which led to public inquiry, and ultimately to the disgrace of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield. "The Pageant at Pesth" describes the scenes attending the crowning of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary.

"Dead Sea Fruit," the new serial in *Belgravia*, and of which we have this month the first four chapters, gives promise of considerable interest. It is followed by the last of Mr. Walter Thornbury's papers on the London Squares. The author glances at Queen's-square, Euston-square, associated with the memory of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), and Tavistock-square, noted for the house (No. 37) in which the earth was weighed, and for Tavistock House, the residence of Mr. Charles Dickens, and from which some of the novelist's finest productions were issued to the world. It is in St. James's-square, however, that Mr. Thornbury revels. Built immediately after the Restoration, every house has a place in the history of the period. We have the notabilities of the time of Charles II., who give way as years advance to better and greater people—Pope, Sir Robert Walpole, the old Cornish Admiral Boscowen, Dr. Johnson, his friend Savage, that preternaturally wise-looking person Lord Chancellor Thurlow, Sir Philip Francis, and the hated Lord Castlereagh. The next article, "The Friend of Talleyrand," is a sketch of the life of Count Charles Montrond, the noted duellist and gambler, and in the year 1832, next to Count d'Orsay, the best known foreigner in England. For many of the materials for his article Mr. Dutton Cook admits that he is indebted to that very interesting work, Captain Gronow's "Reminiscences." Dr. Scoffern's paper upon Salamanders is a sketch of most of the strange attributes with which this lizard has been credited and in the investigation of which he has so frequently been a sufferer. Because the salamander, like all lizards, evolves, when heated or irritated, a copious moisture from the skin, those who were satisfied with very easy deductions came to the conclusion that the animal could not only live in flames, but that it was necessary, once in every seven years, to quench furnace-fires lest the long-continued flame should generate the feared and dragon-like monster. "Life in an Oasis," by Mr. R. Arthur Arnold, is a pleasantly written description of the French settlement, Oasis Laghoute, in the Great Desert of Sahara, taken possession of after a severe struggle by General Pelissier in 1852, and the occasion of the ineffectual insurrection of the Arabs in 1865. "Outside the World" describes the life of a clergyman buried in a country curacy, and now and then brought back to the life he has left by the occasional visits of old university friends, whose lots have fallen in more active spheres. The contribution is one of the best written in this number of the Magazine. Mr. Winwood Reade, in his article, "The Gorilla as I Found Him," disinters the old controversy with M. Du Chaillu. Mr. Reade denies that M. Du Chaillu did the walk of six thousand miles he is said to have accomplished. He represents the statement as to the umbrella-shaped nests under which the gorilla sits, as a myth; the fact being, he says, that all anthropoid apes build nests which they sit on, not under. He denies that the gorilla has ever killed any one, and the habit attributed to the animal of beating his breast in anger, Mr. Reade says has no foundation except in the mind of King Quenqueza, who told it to M. Du Chaillu as a joke. The *Belgravia* has greatly improved in its illustrations. Those in this month's number are entitled to the fullest praise.

*Tinsley's Magazine* is the latest candidate for popularity in the field of periodical literature. The first number, now before us, opens with "The Adventures of Dr. Brady," by W. H. Russell. Mr. Russell has done well in trying Irish ground, and in reviving the autobiographical style of fiction which has been recently neglected. It would be premature to give an opinion of Dr. Brady until he gets on a little further; but from what we have read we certainly should desire to continue his acquaintance, and that is probably what Mr. Russell desires. The best thing in "Thespians out of the Cart" is the title. "Aunt Anastasia's Views on Society" are expressed in suitable English, sprinkled with bits of French. The editor inscribes the "Rock Ahead" upon the craft he intends to freight for, we suppose, a twelve month's voyage. We wish him a prosperous gale, despite Mr. Shirley Brooks's lively caution against the use of a hackneyed expression. Mr. Brooks's verses are smart and humorous. This is very good:

"I suspect we are neighbours, and editor's labours  
Desert Magazine for the sake of Review.  
You're sailing out yonder, no doubt; and, by jabers!  
My friend Dr. Brady is one of the crew.  
Certain hints (and folks pen 'em with some little venom)  
Warn the Upper Ten (us) against drinking too free;  
So health to you two in pure water and Wenham  
(Just shaded to amber by one goutte d'esprit)."

"Starved at Spithead" gives a record of the sufferings endured by an unfortunate excursionist to the review. *Tinsley's Magazine* is altogether pleasant reading, though we would suggest to the proprietors that the "fashions" and fashion pictures may tend to reduce the tone of it to a young ladyism standard. Two lovely creatures, typical of Parisian women in the month of August, adorn this number.

*London Society*, like the *Cornhill*, has also an article upon touring in Spain, called "Summer on the Spanish Frontier." It is seasonable and pleasantly written. Of a somewhat kindred character are the articles "Another Word about Switzerland" and "Exmoor." The writer of the latter article does not, however, confine himself to a description of the moor, but wanders off into the neighbouring scenery of Lynton, Lyndale, Watersmeet, and Scob Hill, which may be said to present some of the most beautiful scenery in England. The writer gives a useful description of the pedestrian routes in the neighbourhood, and offers some shrewd hints that cannot fail to be valuable to summer tourists. "At Dinner in the City" is rather a faithful picture of one of the busiest mid-day dining-rooms in London. The "Recollections of an Absent Man" may probably be interesting to himself,

but how he can expect other people to read them is a mystery. The nature of the events recorded may be gathered from one which is a fair sample of the rest. The absent man puts a tea-kettle upon a white table-cloth to the consternation of his sister, who seems, after all, to have rather admired the feat, and regarded it as a true sign of genius. "Up Stairs and Down," by Jack Easel, is a very amusing paper, and has some capital illustrations.

*The Dublin University* follows up its collection of Celtic legends with a set of "Household Tales of the Slavonians and Hungarians," and gives us besides articles on the Scotch Reform Bill, life in Sweden, and Lord Plunket, with some more reminiscences of Garrick, and other miscellanea.

*The Contemporary Review* presents its usual solid matter on questions of theology, scholarship, aesthetics, and politics: the article that will be found most generally interesting is probably that by the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour on "The Difficulty of Ireland," which, however, concludes with the disheartening argument that there is no hope for Ireland but in wholesale emigration. The *Argosy*, the *St. James's Magazine*, and the *London* are full of light reading, such as hardly requires criticism; and *Good Words* contains some pleasant and readable papers—notably one on "English Dialects," by J. W. Hales, M.A.

*The Art Journal* has for its two steel plates "The Novice," engraved by H. Bourne from the picture by J. C. Horsley, R.A.; and "The Scribes reading the Chronicles to Abasnerus," engraved by Mr. M. Lizars, from the picture by H. O'Neil, A.R.A.: both striking subjects, though the first a little sentimental. The wood-cut illustrations are for the most part confined to the Paris Exhibition Catalogue; and of the literary articles the most amusing is that on "The Knights of the Middle Ages," by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, B.A.

*The People's Magazine* contains an excellent serial story by Mr. Gilbert—"Up and Down the Ladder." The tale is not only one of considerable interest, but is written in a clear, pure, and artistic style.

We have also received *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, and *Forward: a Monthly Magazine for the Promotion of a Liberal Evangelical Theology*, &c.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE high price of books in America—a complete reversal of what was formerly the case in the United States—is at present attracting attention on the other side of the Atlantic, and exciting a good deal of adverse criticism. A New York writer observes:—"American publishers are pursuing a suicidal policy in charging the enormous prices that now rule; it is almost impossible for persons of moderate means—the general reading public—to keep pace with the current literature. Daily, books are issued at a dollar, or a dollar and a half, which do not contain more than double the amount of reading matter of an ordinary newspaper, and which do not require more than four or five times as much paper. It is perfectly natural that English publishers should take advantage of this state of affairs to introduce to this country exceedingly cheap editions of the standard works of British literature, and, as a consequence, the great interest and the great industry of manufacturing books among ourselves for our own reading public is on the decline. 'Shakespeare,' complete for fifty cents, which is twice as much as the publishers' price in gold, sells, in Nassau-street, with great rapidity. A volume of plays for twenty-five cents less than it costs to see any one of them, in whatever manner performed, is an item that strikes our attention forcibly, and, although these cheap editions are purchased only by the poorer classes, they will certainly purchase the book in preference to waiting until such time as they can afford the costly product of home manufacturers. This once was the great country for cheap books. Our publishers have entirely forgotten that people do take into consideration the difference between two dollars and one dollar, as well as the difference between one dollar and a half-dollar; and the competition which will soon spring up will be attended by results decidedly beneficial to the American masses."

A contributor to the *People's Magazine* relates that he once rode on the top of an omnibus with Mr. Thackeray (to whom he was personally unknown), and that he had a discussion with him as to the relative merits of omnibuses and cabs as vehicles of town travelling. The contributor supported the cause of the former; the novelist spoke for the latter, until he confessed that his companion had had the best of the argument. The latter then said he had one more reason to give in favour of omnibuses, stronger than any he had yet advanced; and in a very flowery speech commented on the privilege of finding that you had for your fellow-traveller on the knife-board "a man whose life and labours may be soothing," &c.—"even such a man as William Makepeace Thackeray," and so forth. Whereat, the novelist held out his hand (he could hardly have done less), and immediately afterwards descended the side of the omnibus, and smiled and nodded to his eloquent admirer from the pavement of Waterloo-place. As it must be some years since this incident occurred, we fear that the narrator has drawn a little on his imagination for the pretty speech which he reports in full.

A singular attempt to hold news-vendors legally responsible for libels that may be contained in the papers sold by them, was made the other day at the Cavan assizes, and was partially successful. An action was brought against a news-agent in Derry for selling a copy of the *Belfast Northern Whig* containing an article from the *Daily Telegraph* which was said to be a libel on Mr. Humphreys, the agent of the Marquis of Abercorn, in respect of certain matters connected with the late Londonderry election. The selling of the paper, and the calling attention to the offensive article in a placard, were alleged to constitute a libel. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, but assessed his damages at only a farthing, at the same time allowing him costs. It is very hard on news-vendors that they should thus be responsible for that in which they have no share or concern.

The *Athenaeum* publishes a letter from Mr. James Smith, of the Parliament Library, Melbourne, stating that the remains of the late Charles Whitehead, the author of "Richard Savage" and other novels, and

also of a poem called "The Solitary," lie in the Melbourne Cemetery without any stone or other memorial to mark the spot. His old associates in England are asked to subscribe something towards a monument, in which case a corresponding donation in Australia is guaranteed by Mr. Smith. The name of Charles Whitehead recalls memories of five-and-twenty years ago, when his writings were frequently seen in the Magazines of the day.

The *Siecle* mentions that the subscription list for the erection of a statue to Voltaire, to which 150,000 persons have already subscribed, will be closed on the 30th of September. The commission to decide on the character of the monument includes some of the most eminent literary men in France, such as M. de Sainte-Beuve, M. Prosper Mérimée, and M. Coquerel, jun.

At the last meeting of the Philological Society, in June, Mr. Richard Morris read a paper showing the existence of a genitive and general case-ending in *a* during the transition period of English inflections. This paper will be printed in full in the preface to the author's "Old English Homilies," to be published by the Early English Text Society.

The first and rarest version of "The Visions of Piers Plowman," existing in MS. at Oxford, has just been edited by a Cambridge man, Mr. Skeat, and will be issued very shortly by the Early English Text Society. A manuscript of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," of about 1430-40, hitherto undescribed, has been lent by Mr. William S. W. Wynne, of Peniarth, M.P., to a correspondent of the *Athenaeum* for examination. Mr. Wynne (according to the same paper) has also placed at the disposal of the Camden Society, for publication, Sir Kenelm Digby's autograph Journal, written when he was Admiral of the Narrow Seas. Mr. Wynne's unique fifteenth-century manuscript of the Welsh "Graal" is now being edited by the Rev. Robert Williams. It is a translation of "La Queste del Saint Graal," which is said to have been written in French by our English Walter Map, or Mapes, and of which there are black-letter French editions and a modern English one—that edited for the Roxburghe Club by Mr. Furnivall.

The first two publications determined on by the Council of the newly-formed Spenser Society are—"John Heywood's Woorkes," and "All the Woorkes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet."

Lord Cranborne writes to a weekly contemporary to deny the accuracy of the statement that he is the author of the article on Reform in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr. Gerald Massey is about to reappear as a public lecturer, and for that purpose will make a tour through the North of England and a part of Scotland.

Mr. Edward Dowden, lately one of the sub-editors of the Philological Society's English Dictionary, has been elected Professor of the English Language and Literature at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he is a B.A.

It is stated that the works of the late Emperor Maximilian are about to be published in Austria in four volumes, consisting of memoirs, travels, and poetical compositions. It is now denied that M. Louis Blanc will publish Maximilian's correspondence on the Mexican question.

Mr. Thomas Keightley, writing to *Notes and Queries*, declares that Mr. J. A. Boase, of Alverton Vean, near Penzance, is the best Shakespearean he has ever known.

Mr. Edmund Yates has been requested to act this year as adjudicator of the English poems sent in to the council of the Welsh Eisteddfod.

Messrs. Longmans & Co. have postponed until next season the publication of the first sheet of the Alpine Club's Map of Switzerland.

The daily papers report the death of Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, Q.C., late M.P. for Cambridge, and a cousin of Lord Macaulay, the historian. He was in the fifty-second year of his age, and died of paralysis of the brain, an attack of which struck him down during the general election of July, 1865, and had left him in a lingering condition ever since.

Mr. Dickens is about to start for the United States, where it is believed he will give readings from his works.

The *Fortnightly Review* has been sold for the sum of £550 to Messrs. Chapman & Hall. It is to undergo certain transformations, and then to be published avowedly as a monthly journal.

A new Hebrew collegiate institution is about to be established in Philadelphia. Several of these colleges already exist in various cities of the United States, but the contemplated body is designed for a more advanced course of study than is pursued in the others. It will have (as we learn from the American journals) a faculty of science and letters, as well as a faculty of Hebrew; and it will furnish general instruction in classics, mathematics, and *belles lettres*.

During the year ending April 1, 1867, the American Tract Society printed nearly 44,000,000 pages of minor reading matter, with enough more in the form of books to make a total of more than 215,000,000 pages. These belonged to 837,676 volumes, and upwards of 7,000,000 copies of tracts.

Mr. Emerson has been nominated in the Massachusetts Legislature as one of the overseers of Harvard University, before which he will this year again deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Oration, which he pronounced once before thirty years ago.

We also learn from the United States that Mr. H. T. Tuckerman's "American Artist Life" is to be published early in the autumn; that the Rev. Leonard Woods, LL.D., formerly president of Bowdoin College, has gone to Europe for the purpose of completing the documentary history of Maine, the Legislature having given the Historical Society of that State an appropriation for the purpose; and that Mr. Robert H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr) has in the press the novel, "Avery Gliben," to which he has devoted a great deal of labour for the last two years.

In October, a new Monthly Magazine will be published by Messrs. Virtue, under the editorship of Mr. Anthony Trollope. It will be called *The New Metropolitan Magazine*.

A new edition of "The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," compiled under the direction of the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. Charles Grey, is being reprinted, and will be ready

very shortly. The whole of the first impression was sold on the first day of issue.

Mr. Kinglake's third and fourth volumes of the "History of the Crimean War" are stated to be nearly ready for publication, and may be looked for by the end of the autumn.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have in preparation:—"A Sunday Library for Household Reading," to be published in crown 8vo. in monthly parts and in quarterly volumes, with illustrations by eminent artists. The series will include the "Pupils of St. John the Divine," by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," with three illustrations by E. Armitage; "Seekers after God—Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius," by the Rev. F. W. Farrar; "St. Louis, St. Francis de Sales, Du Plessis Morlay, and Calvin," by M. Guizot; "Alfred the Great," by T. Hughes, M.P., Author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays;" "The Hermits," by the Rev. C. Kingsley; "England's Antiphon: an Historical Review of the Religious Poetry of England," by George Macdonald, Author of "Alec Forbes," &c.; "Huss, Wycliffe, and Latimer," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice; "Clement of Alexandria and Origen," by the Rev. B. F. Westcott; "Sir Thomas More and his Times," by L. B. Seeley; "Wesley and the Religious Revival of the Eighteenth Century," by Julia Wedgwood; "Sacred Poets of Germany," by Catherine Winkworth, translator and compiler of "Lyra Germanica;" "Saint Augustine and his Times," by the Very Rev. W. Alexander, Dean of Ely.

Messrs. CHAMBERS'S "Popular Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," edited by James Donald, is nearly complete, and will form one 5s. volume. It contains the etymology, pronunciation, and meanings of every word at present in use (with the exception of very rare and obsolete words, and technical terms not found in general literature), together with all obsolete words found in the Bible, and all participles and adverbs.

Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co.'s list of new books in preparation for the next season includes—"The Story without an End," from the German of Carové, by Sarah Austin, illustrated with water-colour drawings by E. V. B., small 4to.; "Christian Lyrics," chiefly selected from Modern Authors, 138 poems, illustrated with upwards of 150 engravings; "The Silent Hour," by the Author of "The Gentle Life," "The Fearless and Spotless Life of the Chevalier Bayard," printed at the Chiswick Press; "The Guardian Angel," a romance, by the Author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," 3 vols.; "David Gray, and other Essays on Poetry and Poets," by Robert Buchanan; Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis," 1 vol.; "Essays on English Writers, or a Course of Reading in English Literature;" "Christian Heroes in the Army and Navy," by Charles Rogers, LL.D., Author of "Lyra Britannica;" "The Black Country and its Green Border Land," by Elihu Burritt; "Old England, its Scenery, Art, and People," by James M. Hoppus, Professor in Yule College, New England; "Social Life of the Chinese, a Daguerreotype of Daily Life in China," condensed from the work of the Rev. J. Doolittle, by the Rev. Paxton Hood, with 100 illustrations; "The Land of Thor," by J. Ross Browne, numerous illustrations; "Life and Explorations in Brazil," by Professor Agassiz, with illustrations, 2 vols.; "Optical Wonders," by F. Marion; and "Thunder and Lightning," by W. de Fonvielle, translated and edited by C. W. Quin, with numerous illustrations: "Other People's Windows," by J. Hain Friswell, 2 vols.; "Norwood," by Henry Ward Beecher, 3 vols.; "Jock, the Hunchback's Charge," by W. C. Russell, 2 vols., &c.

Mr. MURRAY's list of new works in preparation for the autumn includes—"Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian from the year 1802 to 1815," by Emma Sophia, Countess Brownlow; a work on "Molecular and Microscopic Science," by Mrs. Somerville, Author of "Physical Geography, Physical Science," &c., with illustrations, 2 vols.; "Life in the Light of God's Word," by William Thomson, D.D., Lord Archbishop of York; "The Continuity of Scripture, as declared by the Testimony of Our Lord and of the Evangelists and Apostles," by the Hon. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, F.R.S.; a sixth and cheaper edition of the "Iliad of Homer," rendered into English blank verse by Edward, Earl of Derby, revised, and with the addition of a few other translations from Latin, German, Italian, &c., 2 vols.; "History of the French Revolution, 1789—1795," by Professor Von Sybel, of the University of Bonn, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Berlin and Munich, and Member of the North German Parliament, translated, with the Author's sanction, by Walter C. Perry, Vols. I. and II. (to be completed in 4 vols.); "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication, or the Principles of Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Inter-breeding, and Selection," by Charles Darwin, Author of the "Origin of Species," with illustrations, 2 vols.; "A History of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, based on a Personal Examination of Documents in the Archives of France, both Metropolitan and Provincial," by Henry White; "The Huguenots, their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland," by Samuel Smiles, Author of "Lives of the Engineers;" "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," by Arthur Pearyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, with illustrations; Vols. III. and IV. of "The United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609," by the Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," with index, completing the work; "A Memoir of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., Architect," by Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of Cheltenham College, with portrait, views, plans, and woodcuts; a second volume of "A History of the Commonwealth of England, from the Death of Charles I. to the Dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell, being Omitted Chapters of the History of England, from MSS. in the State Paper Office," &c., by Andrew Bisset; "Studies of the Music of many Nations," including the substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institutions, by Henry F. Chorley; "A Handy-Book on Houses, or Guide in the Choice of a Dwelling," by Robert Kerr, author of "The Gentleman's House," &c., with plans; "Historical Puzzles, being Notes on some Doubtful Points of History," by Octave Delépierre; "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," by various writers, under the general superintendence of William Smith, LL.D., with illustrations, &c.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green. By Cuthbert Bede. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Ayton (W. E.). Memoir of. By Theodore Martin. Cr. 8vo., 12s.  
 Beeton (Mrs.), Household Management. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Braddon (Mrs.), Sir Jasper's Tenant. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
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 Brice (S. W.), the Coal Field of North Somerset. 8vo., 2s.  
 Chambers's Etymological Dictionary. By Donald. Fcap. 8vo., 5s.  
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 Cicero's Cato Major and Lælius, with Notes. By J. T. White. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Creed (H.) and Williams (W.), Handicraftsmen and Capitalists. [Royal 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Davies (R. S.). Sermons on Important Subjects. 2 vols., 10s. 6d.  
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 Essays on Religion and Literature. Edited by Archbishop Manning. 2nd series. 8vo., 1s.  
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 Hitchcock (E.), The Religion of Geology. New edit. 12mo., 2s.  
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 Hugo (T.), The Medieval Nunneries of Somerset. Royal 8vo., 25s.  
 Illustrated London News. Vol. January to June. Folio, 18s.  
 Krummacher (F. W.), David King of Israel. Post 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Lake (Claude), Poems. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
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 Macgregor (J.), One Thousand Miles in Rob Roy Canoe. New edit. 12mo., 5s.  
 Mackenzie (Rev. J.), History of Scotland. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
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Advertisements should be forwarded to the Office, 11, Southampton Street, Strand, not later than 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

THIRTY-SEVENTH MEETING, to be held at DUNDEE, commencing September 4, 1867.

President.

His Grace the DUKE of BUCKLEIGH and QUEENSBERRY, K.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S.

General Arrangements.

The President's Inaugural Address on Wednesday, September 4, at 8 P.M.

The Sectional Meetings, from 5th to 10th September, inclusive.

Soirées on Thursday, the 5th, and Tuesday, the 10th of September.

Evening Lectures (by A. Herschel, Esq., on Shower-Meteors, and by A. Geikie, Esq., on the Geology of Scotland) on Friday, the 6th, and Monday, the 9th of September.

Excursions on Saturday, the 7th, and Thursday, the 12th of September.

The Reception-Room, Royal Exchange, will be opened on Monday, Sept. 2.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent before the 15th of August, to the Assistant General Secretary, D. Griffith, Esq., M.A., 1, Woodside, Harrow.

Members and Associates intending to be present at the Meeting, are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries, who will assist them in procuring lodgings, and will forward a railway pass, entitling the holders to obtain from the principal Railway Companies a Return Ticket (at ordinary return fare), available from Monday, 2nd, to Saturday, 14th September, inclusive.

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GREATER EASTERN RAILWAY.—MONTHLY and WEEKLY TICKETS are issued daily at REDUCED FARES to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE, Dovercourt, Harwich, Aldeburgh, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and Hunstanton.

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For further particulars see handbills and time-books of the Company.

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Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Principal.

The College will reopen August 8th.

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E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

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E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.